THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XIV.—MARCH, 1878—No. 83.

PIUS IX AND THE REVOLUTION.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE GREAT PONTIFF.

THE life which came to a close in the prison-palace of the Vatican on the 7th of last February is unquestionably one of the most eventful that has ever graced the pages of history. The reign of Pius IX is destined to mark an epoch in the political as well as in the religious history of the world. No doubt, since the time of St. Peter himself, no Roman Pontiff has so long guarded the interests of Christ's faithful, and his reign has exceeded by wellnigh seven years the period of the first supreme pontificate that elapsed from the time when the prince of the Apostles made Rome, instead of Antioch, the capital of Christendom. He is the first of nearly two hundred and sixty Popes who has seen the legendary years of St. Peter, the first to infringe upon what had come to be considered an almost inviolable rule, formulated in these words, addressed to every successive Pontiff: "Thou shalt not see the days of Peter." *Petri annos non videbis.* Into this comparatively long reign, but short period of time, events have been crowded more than sufficient to fill up an entire century, and his whole life covers one of the most eventful epochs in all history. For thirty-two years has he stood the most conspicuous among the great ones of this earth, the centre of attraction and affection for the faithful, of envy and hatred for the enemies of the Church, even when the bustle and hurry of foreign wars, and the excitement and turmoil of revolution might come to effect in the various states the ruin and desolation which he has done so much to prevent and remedy. And the revolution itself, the characteristic heresy of the nineteenth century, the most widespread and most powerful that has ever troubled the peace of society, or threatened to corrupt and ruin the Church, has cowered before his gaze and trembled at his speech. With lying on its lips and malice in its heart, it hailed his accession to the Papacy with mock applause, as its prototype, the Jewish people, had given to his divine Master the honors of a grand triumphal entry into their city on the eve of his execution as a malefactor, charged with the worst

of crimes by the very people who had with such apparent jubilation proclaimed him to be their king. But as the Saviour of mankind rose triumphant over death, so his late representative on earth gained in his death the greatest victory of his whole life; for no sooner does he breathe his last than his very bitterest enemies come forth, Balaam-like, to proclaim aloud to all the world, in words of unqualified praise, the virtues of him whom they have been sent to curse. His persecutors have become his panegyrists. They who have always hated him with the bitterest hate which one man can entertain for another, are forced to keep their rancor shut up within their own breasts, and for the moment acquiesce with the universal feeling of respect and admiration. What have they been doing who were but yesterday, as it were, predicting that Pius IX would be the last of the Popes? They are yet to be heard from, and it is perhaps their humiliation and utter confusion that prevents them from giving an account of themselves and explaining why they have allowed a successor to Pius IX to be chosen without the slightest opposition on their part. Let us see what is this powerful organization which has been plotting so long for the destruction of the Papacy, and yet when the supreme moment came, allowed the Church to gain another brilliant triumph by letting the world be reminded once more that though Pius may die, Peter will rise again in the person of his successor. It will also be seen what party, the world or the Church, has gained the most signal and brilliant triumphs in this the last and fiercest of their struggles.

When Cardinal Mastai Ferretti accepted the dignity of the Papacy he assumed all the responsibilities of a struggle which had lasted for more than eighteen centuries. It might be abandoned for a time, but it was sure to be renewed, generally with increased violence, the world being always the aggressor. The Church on earth has never for a single moment ceased to be the Church militant, not only in the struggle of its individual members against the arch enemy of God and man, but also in the defence which it has to maintain against powerful and unscrupulous aggressors, who sometimes pretend to be devoted children of the Church, whose most sacred rights they trample upon. But God never subjects his children to trials without giving them the means of overcoming them. He never allows an enemy to arise without providing more powerful means of defence. A Henry IV is met and overcome by a St. Gregory VII, and though the holy Pontiff may die in exile, yet he has given the deathblow to German tyranny. The enemy may change in name, but not in character or design. Call it what you will, Reformation, Philosophism, Revolution, or Scientism, the same ungodly principle ever animates it. But it is always confronted with the same principles of truth, no matter how it may change its tactics. Pius IX is to the nineteenth century only what St. Gregory VII was to the eleventh. Neither began the work which he completed. Both were trusted friends and powerful auxiliaries of the Popes who immediately preceded them, but Hildebrand enjoyed this honor and bore this responsibility in a much more eminent degree than Mastai Ferretti. With their assumption of the triple crown comes a change in these relations. The work which the latter has undertaken is so much the more important than that of the former as a subtle heresy is worse than a relaxation of discipline. Though both were victorious in their struggle for spiritual supremacy, yet one died in exile and the other a prisoner in his own palace.

It used to be said that Jansenism was the most subtle heresy that ever

led Christians astray from the paths of truth. It was swept away by the storms of the Revolution, leaving the distinction of pre-eminence in the accomplishment of evil to the principles which have given its worst character to that social convulsion, and which collectively are still known as *The Revolution*, keeping society in constant dread of destruction, and threatening to hurl it at any moment into the abyss of anarchy. The "Declaration of the Rights of Man" was only the legitimate offspring of the doctrine propagated by the philosophers of the Encyclopædia, but it was the formal declaration of a terrible war on all that man holds most sacred. The Pope of that day undertook the defence of truth, as was his duty, but Pius VI was besieged in his own city, taken prisoner, and carried into exile, where he died a martyr. Pius VII continued the good work, but he, too, was subjected to the ordeal of exile and imprisonment. He lived, however, to see his enemies humiliated, and to enjoy the honors of a triumphant ovation on his return to the Eternal City. The reigns of Leo XII and Pius VIII were too short for those holy men to take much part in the great work of regeneration which was to be accomplished, or to have time to witness the fresh impetus that was about to be given to the fury of the Revolution. But the storm was already brooding which burst over the head of Gregory XVI, almost before he had yet time to begin the work of his pontificate.

To the occupation of Central Italy by the French Imperialists we must trace the origin of these troubles. The soldiery of Napoleon remained there just long enough to corrupt the middle classes and instil into their minds the pernicious principles of the Revolution. Along with the baneful taste for organizing secret societies, these adventurers did not forget to leave behind them the idea of a revolted Italy; and it was this idea that gave them a new significance by turning them into political clubs. Thus originated the Carbonari, who are identified with the Umbrian outbreak of 1831, which was easily quelled. It would have augured better for the future of Italy if the five great powers had left the Pope and his subjects to settle their own difficulties, instead of laying before him the permanent threat of the famous Memorandum, a document which owed its existence to a Protestant mind, and was drawn up by Protestant hands. This, however, such as it was, made it impossible for the good Pope to make any concessions to his revolted and discontented subjects, and thus the disgraceful attitude of France, Austria, Russia, England, and Prussia kept the nation in suspense, and encouraged, if not fomented, rebellion for the space of fifteen years. Gregory XVI died on the 1st of June, 1846, and Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was chosen to succeed him on the 16th of the same month.

Never was the accession of any monarch hailed with more general rejoicing than was that of Pius IX by his temporal subjects. Nor did he deceive the hopes and expectations of his people. He could honorably make all the concessions and effect all the reforms that were conducive and necessary to the people towards whom his sole desire was to act as a true father, who in every instance consults the well-being of his children. What the great powers had made impossible for his predecessor, he could do without leaving it in the power of any one to say that he was driven to it by the force of circumstances, and his honesty of purpose soon unveiled the nefarious designs of these same great powers. For no sooner had he of his own free will granted what they had previously demanded in vain, than they at once became alarmed lest his popularity should become too great and last

too long. The Revolution seemed to be thwarted in its designs, but it was only for a moment. All the enemies of the Papacy, and conspicuous among them the leading English statesman of that time, the notorious Lord Palmerston, the evil genius of European politics, at once fraternized with the arch-conspirator Mazzini, a man who had long before made up his mind to spend every moment of his whole life in planning schemes for the total destruction of the Papacy both in power and in name. It was he who organized the party of Young Italy out of the ruins of the Carbonari, and in the councils of this party the design was hatched from which sprang the Roman Republic, the mock triumvirate of 1849. This plot grew to maturity, whilst the vast majority of the people continued to rejoice and give thanks for the reforms introduced by their good sovereign. Disturbances were excited, and the Eternal City was more than once threatened with all the calamities of mob rule And worse than all, a breeze was then flowing down from the slopes of Piedmont, which was carrying with it over the length and breadth of the Peninsula the patriotic cry of release from all foreign interference, and the contagious craze of a United Italy. The Austrians must be expelled from their last foothold on Italian territory, and the French prevented from assuming a protectorate over any principality or family in the land. This was the general cry; but no farther than this were those who took part in it unanimous. There were disputes about the manner in which the different states should organize for mutual defence. Most people would have it that a confederation be organized with the Pope at its head. Among these were many genuine friends of the Papacy, whose prudence and foresight were not equal to their zeal. The Holy Father knew very well that the Revolution was at the bottom of this agitation, and that it meant no good for the Church. He also was the first to detect the intrigues of Piedmont for supremacy over the other States. In these circumstances nothing could induce him to wage war against Austria, though no one was more opposed than he to Austrian domination. Thus, under the guise of patriotism, a storm was raised against him, in which his faithful prime minister, Count Rossi, was assassinated, together with many of his warmest friends, he himself compelled to fly in disguise from his dominions, and his capital handed over to the orgies of an infuriated mob. The agitation had driven Piedmont too far to allow it to recede, and the result was that its small army was crushed and its presumption humiliated. The Young Italy party thus seemed to have gained a double victory, for it was conspiring against Charles Albert as well as against Pius IX. Mazzini had driven one into exile and forced the other to abdicate. But the greater victory, which the world is sooner or later forced to acknowledge, was on the side of truth and justice with him who had taken refuge at Gaeta, just beyond the Neapolitan border.

To their great disgrace be it told that among the statesmen of Europe the only one to understand the position of Pius IX and do him justice was the French Calvinist, M. Guizot; and for thus expressing himself, he too was swept away by that political Æolus, Lord Palmerston. But Pius IX had done himself and the Christian world justice, when, before the storm had yet arisen, he issued his first Encyclical, the *Per multus Annos*, on November 9th of the same year in which he had been chosen to fill the chair of Peter. On that day he issued a formal declaration of war against the principles of the Revolution. He showed at once that he thoroughly understood the enemy's position and was determined to take it by storm; and should the first at-

tack not be successful, to return to the charge with renewed vigor. Though it became necessary to issue the "Syllabus," yet every error condemned in it is also condemned in the former document; nay, even the two Constitutions published by the Vatican Council are anticipated. In a common-sense point of view no better evidence could be desired of the soundness of the doctrines and the danger of the errors condemned in this Encyclical than the angry howl with which it was received by the anti-Catholic and Liberal press. The enemies of truth could not bear to be told that they were men linked in guilty fellowship for the purpose of waging a fierce and terrible war against every portion of the Catholic fold. If the accusation were untrue and unfounded they could very well afford to laugh it to scorn, and would most probably have so treated it. But the eagerness with which they hastened to resent it is a voluntary self-accusation, which will some day be universally admitted as such. They saw that the shepherd of the faithful was putting his flock upon their guard against the snares laid for them by those "who disentomb from the darkness all the most monstrous shapes of error, and industriously disseminate them." He wanted to encourage the "tendency towards piety, justice, and honor," which they wished to destroy. It was his object to reform the morals which they would corrupt, and to fortify the bases of religion and civil society which they would overturn. He even anticipates the declaration, *Nulla unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest*, of a much later date, sharply reproving those who "cease not to appeal to reason and to set it above the faith inculcated by Christ, pronouncing the one to be contrary to the other," and plainly tells them that "both are streams from the one eternal fountain of truth." Nor will he allow them to assert the superiority of human over divine things, thus setting themselves up as the perfecters of the Catholic religion, and the superiors of God himself in wisdom.

He then points out the insidious designs of the nefarious secret societies from which he himself was to suffer so much; "societies," he says, "emerging from their native darkness for the ruin and desolation of the community, and again condemned by the Roman Pontiffs." Having included in this category "the insidious Bible societies, which, borrowing the arts of the heretics of old," set aside the teaching authority of the Church to give to every man the privilege of interpreting the Scriptures as his own fancy may direct him, every Protestant community in England and America showered its own torrent of abuse upon him. When we come to view these events through the light of history and see the undoubted connection of the "Christian League" and the "Evangelical Alliance" with the Italian revolution, we are compelled to wonder why some Protestant community or other has not had the hardihood to disown the indignation then expressed, if not felt, by all. Some members of these organizations afterwards boasted of the injuries which they had inflicted on the cause of the Papacy in Italy; but they would only tacitly admit that he whom they hated so much had dealt a far heavier blow to the Revolution of which they were the servile and unprincipled agents. In revenge for his outspoken condemnation of it, they might hunt him to Gaeta, but they could not prevent the affections of the faithful from following him thither and being more heartily and more universally expressed than if they had left him to enjoy peace in his own capital, to which he was destined to return under the apparent tutelage of children of the Revolution.

Before that 12th of April, 1850,

on which he appeared again among his subjects, who were glad to be released from a government of robbers and murderers, and whom he loved with such an intense love, he knew that Napoleon, Palmerston, and Cavour were leagued in a powerful conspiracy for the complete overthrow of that authority which, owing to the presence of public opinion, they now permitted him to resume. He saw that Piedmont had already gone far in the way of sacrilegious spoliation; nor did he forget that the President of the French republic had taken part in the insurrection of 1831 against his predecessor, and that the brother of this same Napoleon was mortally wounded whilst fighting on the side of the rebels. He foresaw that the aims of the young Carbonaire would be prosecuted by the powerful emperor, though as President of the French republic he might now be compelled to sanction the liberation of the Eternal City from the clutch of his associates in conspiracy. And it required no penetrating genius to fathom the designs of Palmerston. But the holy Pope was equal to the emergency, and met all his enemies, one by one, upon their own ground.

Pius IX gained his first material victory, which was far from being his first moral success, in the land of the last-named statesman, when, despite all that English intrigue and diplomacy could do abroad and religious bigotry and fanaticism effect at home, the hierarchy was restored in the land of St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Canterbury, at the same time that shepherds were given to the faithful flock in Holland. Ecclesiastical Titles Acts were passed, and brutal passions excited in vain. The request made by the reviving Church in the land that was once proud to be called the Virgin's Dower, must not be disregarded or even treated lightly, and, in the circumstances, the opposition with which the project was met was only an additional reason why it should be more strongly urged. The old Establishment was losing its hold on the intelligence as well as on the masses of the people, a people yet essentially Christian. And very many in their earnest search after truth had already entered the one true fold of Christ, thus considerably increasing the small flock that had always remained faithful. Thus firmly re-established, the Church has since continued to prosper in what was once a land of saints. Some of its ancient glories have already been rivalled, and there is no reason to fear that it may not again acquire its pristine glory, and regain its proud distinction.

But though Pius IX never neglected an opportunity to propagate the faith in the most distant lands, and provide for the wants of the Church in every corner of the earth, yet his special mission seems to have been the repeated assertion of the never-changing truth and the condemnation of new errors, as well as old ones in a new garb. He never for a moment lost sight of this duty, even amid the anxiety and trials of revolution and exile. He had always a special devotion for the Blessed Virgin, and ever since his accession to the Papacy he had it before his mind to make the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception an article of faith. It was from Gaeta that he gave to the Bishops of the whole Church the first official intimation of this design, when he published the Encyclical asking them to collect all the evidence they could on the subject. This being done, he invited them to assemble around him on December 8th, 1854. On that day, in presence of the Sacred College of over two hundred bishops from all parts of the world, of a vast concourse of the faithful, and many curious sight-seers from both hemispheres, he published the bull "Ineffabilis Deus," promulgating the doctrine that the Mother of the Redeemer

was conceived without spot or stain. This was a direct blow at the root of the evil from which our modern society is suffering so much, a blow under which it writhed in painful agony. All the truths which infidelity denied were implied in this one act; the existence of original sin and all its consequent evils, the necessity of grace and of man's redemption, the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the Divinity of Christ. Besides asserting all these fundamental dogmas of our holy religion, it showed the great vitality and energy of the Church, making it, after half a century of outrage and persecution, appear stronger than ever. For the first time in history a dogma had been officially proclaimed without leaving a peculiar heresy behind, or without a dissentient voice being raised among the faithful. The rejoicing was universal throughout the Church, and the enemy whom it attacked preserved an unusual silence, being too intent on carrying their great conspiracy to a successful issue.

But as the good Pope was every day making this more impossible for them in the field of faith and morals, they had made up their minds to crush him under the overwhelming weight of brute force. Their plots were continued and their aims for a time kept concealed behind an affected secrecy. It was not long, however, till they considered themselves in a position to make them public. The Italian war of 1859 broke out. The Austrians were driven from Italy, and an iniquitous course of confiscation and spoliation was inaugurated at which the Catholic world stood appalled. Without the declaration or even the intimation of war, the States of the Church were invaded, and the little army which heroically undertook to defend the patrimony of St. Peter was surprised, overwhelmed, and massacred by a vastly superior force. Protests were made, and this high-handed robbery was denounced from the highest tribunal upon earth, but the nations had ceased to be ruled by Catholic governments. Protest and denunciation, therefore, seemed to be of no avail; the barefaced falsehoods invented and industriously circulated regarding the condition of the invaded provinces gained currency and credence for a time, and by a large section of the world's population the sacrilegious robbers were hailed as deliverers of an oppressed and downtrodden people. But "the truth is great, and it shall prevail." Though no one was filled with greater indignation than the holy Pontiff himself, yet he alone knew how to retain his equanimity. Trials and tribulations may come, but they must be turned to the greater glory of God. The great ones of this world may conquer by force of martial arms, but it is out of their reach to gain a victory in the spiritual world. And even in their own sphere they most frequently overreach themselves. Few imagined that in 1859 Napoleon III was preparing the way for the destruction of French ascendency in Italy, and digging a grave for the third Empire.

When a robber asks his victim whom he has left penniless to assist him in evading the law, we would consider beyond human endurance for this unfortunate victim to bear the insult with equanimity. Such, in a higher sense, is the position in which Victor Emanuel placed Pius IX, when he asked the holy Pontiff to enter with him upon the path of modern civilization, and thus have a glorious share in renewing the face of the world. But the successor of St. Peter could not fraternize with men who rejected the fundamental principles of even natural religion, who would accept a final appeal before no higher tribunal than their own abused consciences and perverted reason, nay, who rejected what had hitherto been looked upon by all

mankind as fundamental principles in human law. He knew that these men took oaths and concluded treaties with the sole object of hiding their insidious designs, so that ere long it became an infallible principle in their regard, that the more solemn their oaths the more iniquitous the schemes which they were planning. These were the regenerators of Italy who actually invited the Pope to abandon his temporal sovereignty, that he might thereby become greater than any earthly monarch, raise the Apostolic See to a height unknown for ages. Even had their designs been much better planned, the viceroy of Christ could not be caught in the trap which they wanted to lay for him. He could not but see the deference, respect, and even encouragement with which they treated heretics of all possible shades of opinion, at the same time that they derided, persecuted, and imprisoned faithful bishops and priests, and assassinated the most faithful among the laity. He knew how they encouraged all kinds of immoral literature at the same time that Catholic books and newspapers were suppressed, and their editors and publishers subjected to the full rigor of the law of injustice. If this was what they meant by modern progress and civilization, he certainly could not join them in advancing it; and as this, along with their daring hypocrisy, was all they had to show, he must oppose its progress and proclaim to the world the principles of true civilization. It was his mission to impress upon mankind the great saving truths which the Revolution had impugned. This he did in the famous allocution of March 18th, 1861, the *Jam dudum cernimus*, which, taken in connection with the "Syllabus," is, with a single exception, the most important of his whole reign, that exception being the *Maxima quidem lætitia*, delivered fifteen months later.

The bishops had been summoned to Rome to witness a much more brilliant pageant than that of 1854, namely, the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, on the 8th of June, 1862. The solemn ceremonies of that celebration being over, the Holy Father called around him all the bishops present on that occasion, nearly three hundred in number, of whom fifty-five were Frenchmen, whose mere presence there was a mute but significant protest against the imperious and double-dealing policy of their government. In their presence he delivered an allocution, which has its own place assigned to it in the annals of Church history. If the Holy Father felt supremely happy at seeing so august an assemblage on that great and solemn occasion, his sorrows for the moral miseries from which mankind was suffering were not to be expressed. These miseries he specified one by one, assigning their causes with the infallible precision of a most skilful physician, and prescribing the only remedies that could save society from the utter ruin with which it was threatened. He had begun his pontificate with the preaching of a crusade against the prevailing errors of the age, and he considered it his special mission to carry that crusade to a successful issue. The dangerous errors which he had so often condemned in general terms, he thought it well now to specify in an unmistakable manner. Not only would he continue to harass the enemy, but he would fortify the faithful within the impregnable intrenchments of defined truth. Therefore it was that he enumerated all the errors of the age against faith and morals, errors of pantheism and atheism, of naturalism and skepticism, of socialism and communism, of government and the domestic relations. The "Syllabus" or "Catalogue" of errors, which was published on the 8th of December, 1864, was principally compiled from the *Maxima quidem lætitia*, other monstrous assertions that had been made in the meantime, and some

dangerous propositions that had been condemned by preceding Pontiffs, having been added. The eighty propositions of the "Syllabus" were arranged under various and distinct headings, so that the faithful might be supplied with a classified catalogue of all the false teachings against which they must be on their guard. Nothing remained to give this document its highest significance but the seal of an infallible teacher's authority, which was soon to be impressed upon it by the Council of the Vatican.

The "Syllabus," together with the Encyclical which accompanied it, was at once most vehemently attacked by the official and anti-Christian press of Paris and Turin. Elsewhere but little public attention was devoted to it. The great conspiracy, however, went on; and even in these two cities the organs of public opinion assumed a calmer though more hypocritical tone. At the bidding of their master, the Revolution, they tried to persuade their readers that he who condemned as errors of the worst kind what they were pleased to call the fundamental principles of "modern progress and civilization," was, after all, only a man like themselves, whose opinion was no better than their own. But this their last stronghold was soon to be taken from them; and even though the primary object of holding an Œcumenical Council was not to define the Infallibility of the Pope, yet the Revolution dreaded the event and threatened what it could not execute, namely to prevent the Council from being held. It succeeded in interpreting its purposes, but not in time to prevent the publication of a decree which has left it no other resource than to subject the Church to an open and violent persecution. This state of affairs was foreshadowed when, as soon as the decree convoking the Council was issued, a powerful opposition to what would be done was organized; and to the great scandal of the faithful, at the head of this opposition were men seemingly of very high standing in the Church. The Revolution, encouraged by the acquisition of such powerful allies, began to push on its work more vigorously. No sooner had the vast concourse of pilgrims who had flocked to Rome to witness the magnificent celebration of 1867, in honor of the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter, and the addition of new saints to the calendar, dispersed to their homes, than the Revolutionists publicly resumed hostilities; and before the end of the year 1867 the Eternal City would have been in the hands of sacrilegious banditti had not Napoleon III been compelled to interfere in spite of himself and against his own secret machinations. But the disastrous war of 1870 having removed this difficulty out of the way of the Piedmontese robbers, the Papal territory was invaded under the pretext of friendly protection, Rome itself besieged, captured, and given over to plunder, and the Holy Father compelled to declare himself a prisoner in his own palace.

In a merely human sense the Pope was conquered by pure worldlings. But they had far from subdued that spirit which had confronted the Revolution, and beaten it on its own ground of principle. The temporal power was gone, for a time, at least, but spiritual and moral conquests had been made, and others were soon to follow, almost unprecedented in the history of the Church. The boundary between truth and error had been so distinctly drawn as to make it impossible for any one to mistake it. No longer could any wolves in sheep's clothing remain within the fold. False friends, the most dangerous of enemies, had been driven out into the hostile camp to which they properly belonged. The harvest had come, and the tare which had been allowed to grow up with the wheat was taken and cast into the fire. He was a heretic himself

who once said that heresies are only the weeds which the Pope throws over his garden wall. But the weeds thrown out on this occasion deposited their roots and seeds in a barren soil; and despite all the attention with which they were cared for by Bismarck and his less eminent colleagues in persecution, they withered, and nothing now remains of them but the sapless stems. Whilst they who watched by the cradle of Old Catholicism are now following its bier to the tomb, the Church against which they have fomented a most violent persecution is gaining more than she has lost in them. As Pius IX once said himself that God allowed him to be driven into exile only to show that he could bring him back, so the Church is persecuted for the purpose of convincing mankind that she can survive the most violent treatment to which it is in the power of human malice and ingenuity to subject her.

And not only in the reawakening of faith by persecution has she made gains during the Pontificate of Pius IX, but also in the new and important conquests which she has everywhere achieved. Besides the restoration of the hierarchy in England and Holland, the new organization which had been established in the great Republic of the West has been enlarged to magnificent proportions, so that after the growth of less than a century, the Church in the United States does not abandon the palm of importance to any other section of the Christian world. And besides this, sees that once were flourishing seats of Christian piety and virtue in lands now occupied by infidel hordes, have been restored, and new ones erected where the light of Christianity never shone before. There is scarcely a nation or people to which Christian missionaries, sent out by Pope Pius IX, have not announced the saving truths of the Gospel. And in return for all these blessings bestowed, the sympathies of the faithful in all climes and under all forms of government have been turned towards Rome, the centre of Catholic unity, where dwells the successor of St. Peter. When Pius IX was reduced to the condition of a prisoner these sympathies became more heartfelt than ever, increasing with his sufferings until death came to relieve him. Bands of pilgrims went to Rome to give him encouragement and show him how they could brave all the insults of what is so unjustly called human respect. This pilgrimage movement went on increasing from year to year, until at last the whole Christian world was moved to a magnificent display of piety on the fiftieth anniversary of John Mary Mastai Ferretti's elevation to the episcopal dignity. Then a scene presented itself which has no parallel even in the most fervent of the ages of faith. The whole world was moved. Thousands of pious pilgrims set out for Rome from almost every point in both hemispheres, bearing with them to the Holy Father the bounteous offerings of every diocese; and in every church the event was celebrated with all the pomp befitting the occasion. Preparations were making for the possibility of his attaining the full years of Peter when he was called off to receive the reward of his most usefully spent life, after he had seen his principal enemies pass before him to judgment—Cavour carried off in the midst of his schemes, leaving his enormous wealth to pass, in a few years, into the hands of a most devoted son of the Church; Napoleon III an exile from that France which has been severely chastised for allowing herself, the "eldest daughter of the Church," to become an accomplice in conspiracy against the gentlest, most loving, and most forgiving of mothers; La Marmora is called away only a few days before the robber-king, at whose bidding he laid violent hands on the Holy City, and in

his last agony this king himself receives the blessing of his victim, for he, too, is carried off in the full vigor of manhood. All of them pass away, and regarding them the world forgets the old maxim: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* One alone is proof against reproach. Even his calumniators during life are silent over his tomb when bigotry prevents them joining in the universal song of praise. This is he who is to be known throughout all future ages as Pope Pius the Great.

TWO SONNETS.

Pius IX.

A hush fell on the breathless world; I heard
A voice say, "Servant of thy God, well done!
Soldier of Christ! thy battle-hour is gone.
A young knight thou didst gird thy tempered sword
About thee, and the dread hand of the Lord
Gave thee the knightly accolade alone;
And in the lists of God thy spurs were won."
So with his requiem strike a gladder chord.

Thine is the glory of a thousand wounds,
Thine is the triumph of a thousand wars!
Why do we sorrow? why these mourning sounds,
Because the hero, mightier in his scars,
Far from a dead life's royalty hath found
A throne of splendor, higher than the stars!

Leo XIII.

Thy path lies stretched before thee in the gloom:
Thorns cluster round it, stormy is the way;
And little promise of the rising day
Flames from the rosy Orient to illume
Thy steps with peace. The future's darksome womb
Seems pregnant only with the stormy ray
Of spiritual strife and moral fray,
While darker storms on thy horizon loom.

But go on all undaunted; for thy feet
Are in the footsteps of the holy dead;
And myriad memories that cannot die
Throng round thee in high vision, pass and greet;
Thy pathway echoed to great Peter's tread,
And mighty Leo passed in triumph nigh!

"WHERE THERE'S HEART-ROOM THERE'S HEARTH-ROOM."

In a quaint, quiet old city, whose name I will remark at the outset is not Boston, there is, nevertheless, a building with a gilded dome, but it belongs to the courthouse. These facts are as certainly true as the existence of the city itself.

This courthouse is a hive for workers, busy as bees, affording employment to many men and women, and having on its list of applicants a still larger number of names. The city is not large, though it rules the large shire whose centre it is, and it has come to pass that people are more interested in each other's private affairs than they might be were the field of interest a wider one. So if any new clerk is expected at the courthouse, the matter forms a topic of importance, and everybody tells what everybody else has said or heard on the subject.

One morning in September, about ten minutes before the time for the day's work to begin, an eager group stood at a window in the second story of the courthouse with its gilded dome, busily talking.

"Her name is Bernard—Evelyn Bernard," said one.

"Oh, what a sweet name!" cried another, a young lady with flowing ringlets and dreamy eyes. "Is she as pretty as her name?"

"I don't know—never saw her—never heard of her before. There's a father, and a stepmother, and a dozen stepsisters and brothers, more or less. The father is in consumption, and the mother is an invalid, and this Miss Evelyn has them all on her shoulders. I did not stop to think of her looks when I heard that."

"And how did she contrive to get a chance here?"

"Judge Barnes knew her father. But how she can support such a family on such a salary is more than I can see. They live in a bit of a cottage off High Street, and it is very—but, look, she is coming now with the Judge."

Every one stared, which could be done with impunity, as the girl never glanced up. She was tall and slight, and though not a beauty, was so graceful and lovable in the mere look of her that nobody ever cared whether her features were regular or not. The Judge brought her upstairs and introduced her. Something in her shy yet cordial and unaffected manner attracted them all. Evidently she was a girl who was accustomed to trust everybody, and whose trust had never yet been betrayed.

James Purcell, thirty years old, dullest, and stupidest, and kindest of men, as his comrades called him, always blundering, never ready to account to them for the use he made of his slender salary, yet always dressed in shabby, old-fashioned clothes, tender-hearted, soft-headed James Purcell saw Evelyn Bernard's lovely face, recalled the story he had heard of her brave efforts to keep a whole household above water, and said to himself resolutely, "We must help her."

He was always trying to help somebody. To add to all his other idiosyncrasies, to commit in the eyes of his fellow-clerks a folly more full of stupidity than all his other follies, James Purcell was a Catholic, nor was he in the least ashamed of it, nor did he so much as seem to know that it was anything of which to be ashamed. But the host of ragged children and grown people who claimed him as their intimate friend was a source of constant mirth and

dismay to his companions at the courthouse.

"Mr. Raeburn will tell you your day's duties, Miss Bernard," said the judge. "Mr. Purcell, have the kindness to see that Miss Bernard has all she needs." And lifting her sweet gray eyes, Evelyn saw before her the two men who were, in their diverse ways, to lay a claim upon her life.

A worker ready to learn and swift to do they found her. Soon she was writing at her desk as calmly as though she had been there always.

"That is how she makes one feel," thought James Purcell; "just as though she had been here always. I hope she will never have to go away. Oh, no, that's not fair. I hope something will turn up so that she may not have to drudge all her life, bless her."

Raeburn watched her too, thoughtfully. He was not accustomed to spend much thought on the clerks who were subordinate to him. This girl, however, was evidently no common person. She won his pity by her evident need, his admiration by her lovely manners.

He took some legal documents one evening and made his way to the "bit of a cottage off High Street." A round rosy boy in his shirt-sleeves opened the door and ushered him at once into the sitting-room. There sat Evelyn, with the lamplight shining on her face, mending a jacket which was too probably her brother's only one, and explained his appearance.

"Pardon my call, Miss Bernard," Raeburn said; "I had meant to ask you if you would like a little extra work to do out of hours. It brings unusually good pay, and none of us object to that. I forgot to mention it to you at the office, and I must have it again the day after to-morrow."

She looked at a heap of stockings in the mending-basket and sighed. Then the sound of a cough from the next room fell upon her ear.

"Yes, I can do it," she said, resolutely and cheerfully. "Thank you much, Mr. Raeburn, for thinking of me."

He thought of little else all the way home, after a call of half an hour. He devoted most of his conversation to her father, but his quick eyes and ears had taken note of all that she said and did. Often some child came to her with a request or a complaint, and was always met by a gay or tender word and a prompt attention. Or often they came to her, not as if they really needed her, but as if it suited their fancy to touch her or to hear her voice. She was in and out of the room more than once during that brief half hour to attend to the wants of her invalid stepmother, and she had finished the jacket and begun to trim a bonnet before Raeburn rose to go.

On the next day but one she brought him the documents beautifully copied.

"I wonder when you did it," he said. "After I saw all you had to do at home, I blamed myself for so much as mentioning any extra office work to you."

She smiled brightly. "I don't blame you," she said. "I thank you much. You know I copy very fast, and besides, we who have much to fill our time have a gift of finding time."

"I wish I could do more for you," he said, earnestly.

That noon, James Purcell, walking down High Street, through Bly Lane, which was the longest way to his eating-house, but which he had found oddly convenient to take of late, saw Mr. Bernard sitting at his window with a drooping rose-tree beside him and a minute glass of jelly. Whereupon James invested the sum allotted to his dinner in a choice bit of fruit instead, and stopping at a baker's made a dinner of a couple of buns.

"It's really quite enough till sup-

per," thought James. "I suppose I could get used to just a bit at noon, if I tried."

He was always making experiments of that sort on himself. But he was not given to proclaiming them abroad, nor was he quite sure that as practices they would suit everybody; all people were not as strong as he. Which was undoubtedly true as regards one kind of strength.

He made a blundering entrance at the cottage, yet he found a hearty welcome; Mr. Bernard and the children seemed to appreciate him at once. From that time there were two frequent visitors in Bly Lane who never dreamed of rivalry.

James was the children's and the parents' friend, seldom bringing anything of much value, except the very great value of his sympathy and self-forgetfulness. Raeburn came with flowers, and fruit, and books, and elegant conversation, and Evelyn grew to depend upon his coming, and to blush and look sweeter than ever in his presence, while she treated James with ease, as if he were an elderly cousin.

At last, in a winter twilight, when Frederick was walking home with her from the courthouse, as he had begun to do since the days grew short, Raeburn said with more abruptness than was his wont: "Miss Evelyn, I have been thinking about a matter where I want your advice; I am going to make a long speech. Can you hear me to the end without saying anything?"

She laughed innocently, thinking only of her flyaway tongue and its frequent misdemeanors. "I will try very hard," she said.

He slackened his pace, and spoke as slowly as he walked.

"I have a fair salary," he said, "and a fair chance of promotion. We are both young, and I love you. I have thought it not impossible that you love or can love me."

He did not pause for an answer; and she, strangely for her eager nature, did not care to answer yet. It was very pleasant to walk with him in the gloaming, and hear his gentle voice say words like these.

"It may be a long while before we can be married, but if you are willing to enter into so long an engagement with me, I may be able to be of more help and comfort to you than I can be now, and by and by a way must open when I can have you wholly for my own."

She did not try to think how such an event could even come to pass in her case; the present shone all too brightly before her eyes. She had had girlish fancies about love and marriage, in other days when she had not so much else to engross her attention, but she had never known anything more definite about it all. This seemed very charming.

Everybody rejoiced when the news was told at the courthouse; everybody congratulated, and took occasion to make little thoughtful presents, and to show their fondness for this beautiful girl, who was still more lovable than she was beautiful. James Purcell listened to the story and the comments, while the sweat stood in great drops on his forehead.

"It's very odd, how badly I feel," he mused. "I can't understand it, for I am just as glad for her as I can possibly be. But my heart feels very queer indeed—like a stone or a big lump. Perhaps it is dyspepsia. I'll go and get an engagement present for her, since that seems the proper thing to do, and step in and congratulate her. The children will make me feel better." And his honest face was truly glad when he shook hands with her and Raeburn; then he turned away from them, and devoted himself with simple gladness to amuse the family, and let the lovers be alone.

Very ready was that household to be amused by him. He won their hearts because he loved them. "Those dear children!" he said to the stars and the winter wind, as he

walked home. "That poor dear father and mother. Though it does not seem like poverty where she is."

Nevertheless, they were poor, and as the winter went by poverty came to them in a more undisguised shape than it ever yet had come, and there was less strength of heart to meet its troubles. It was beautiful to have a lover, perhaps, but that lover made many demands on Evelyn's time and thoughts. She began to feel and to show the effect of her hard work and heavy responsibilities. She was not perfect; sometimes they heard an irritable word, or found her crying. She was learning to look at her home-world through other eyes than her own. That home had for Raeburn no attraction save herself, and now that he had become a part of it, and the children were used to him, all the brightness which a love not sure of its object had woven about vanished, and a great desire possessed him to take her away from it all to be his alone.

"I like my friend much better than Evelyn's lover," quoth the precocious Belle. "He likes us all, and the little house, and everything where I am; but Fred Raeburn," said the irreverent damsel, "Fred Raeburn likes nobody but himself."

"No, no, dear," her father said, "I am sure he cares for Evelyn. He is a kind gentleman, but he has been used to a different life, and it is not strange that this frets him."

"I don't call that love," said Belle in her twelve years of wisdom. "Real love would forget itself," which, as it was a sentiment quite too high to be classed with any mere silly novel, and quite too profound for Mr. Bernard to have expected from his little Bella, amazed him into silence for a time. And before he had an answer ready, she said soberly, "I never gave *my* consent, papa," which enabled him to tell her that she had better say no more on the subject.

But she scarcely veiled her disrespect to Raeburn that evening, and finally sent Evelyn off into a violent burst of tears, and, under the plea of a headache on her part, she and Frederick were left to the dimly lighted parlor and each other's society. He soothed her by his very presence and gentle manner, but when she was calm again, he spoke determinedly.

"There must be a stop to this, Evelyn. I cannot see you wearing out your life in this fashion. Let us be married at once, so that I can take you away."

"Take me away!" Evelyn looked utterly amazed. "How could I ever go away?" she said.

"We must make a way," he answered. "How does any daughter ever go from home?"

"All daughters are not like me," she said, sadly, "nor are all houses like mine. Oh, no, Frederick, that can never be."

"And how long must I wait?" he cried.

"You said it must be long," she reminded him, but with no shade of reproach in her voice. "And it seems"—

She checked herself. She had been about to say that it seemed a very short time then since to her, but the fact forced itself upon her that in some harassing ways it had been very long. The children were such a trouble. Yet once she did not think them so.

"Listen, dear," he said. "Do you remember that I told you of my friend Reeves, who was once a clerk in the courthouse? He has lately died, leaving his widow quite poor. I have no doubt that she would be not only willing but glad to come here and take charge, for little else than a home. Then you and I could be near, where you and I could come often to see them, and yet have some peace and rest."

How bright, how fair, that peace and rest seemed to weary Evelyn. Just then a clamor rose in the next room. She sprang to silence it, and as

she opened one door, James Purcell opened another, and saw her flushed and distressed face. His lifted hand stilled the tumult, except in Evelyn's heart. He only said good-evening to her, and devoted himself as he had often done of late to bring happiness to the parents as well as to the children. But this night his easily contented heart did not find its usual content in playing the simple games, and reading to Mr. Bernard, and listening with full and true sympathy to Mrs. Bernard's complaints.

"*She* is not happy," sighed James. "I saw it in her face. What wouldn't I do to make her happy!"

Meanwhile, in the next room, Raeburn argued long over the question, "How shall we be happy?" never seeing that it resolved itself into, "How shall I be happy!"

For Evelyn treated with horror any suggestion that she should leave her home in its present state of distress.

"I could not do such a thing," she persisted. "I love them too much, and they love me and they need me. Cannot you be satisfied to come here as you have been doing?"

"I can never have you to myself," he said. "You are always thinking of some one else."

It was strange news for Evelyn to hear, whose daily self-reproach was, "I neglect the others. I think too much of him. She could not argue with him; her mind was confused. What was it that she vaguely felt wanting in him who used to seem to her perfect? What was wanting in —a chill crept over her—could anything be wanting in her love for him?"

"Do not let us talk any more about it to-night," she cried. "Read to me. *Please.*"

She was kept awake much that night. The father needed her, the mother needed her, Alick, the youngest child, was threatened with croup and needed her, Bella, who with her precociousness of understanding was also painfully sensitive to any disturbing element, woke crying for Evelyn, and refusing any comfort until she could see and feel her, because she had dreamed that her darling sister was gone away, never to return.

"Whoever put such a thought into your dear little head?" asked Evelyn.

"Nobody, nobody," Belle answered her, clinging the more tightly to her. "I felt it. I feel it. Oh, you must not go away."

"I am not going," said Evelyn, tenderly. "Not yet, dear, not yet."

"Never," persisted Belle, hysterically.

"Oh, I wish it might be never," exclaimed Evelyn, her tears flowing fast. "I do love you all so dearly. Why cannot we stay together always?"

That night James Purcell also was awake for a long time, and he cried out for Evelyn, too, with a sore heart, but with a resignation of which Belle knew nothing.

Walking slowly and thoughtfully to his boarding-place on that eventful evening, James had repeated again and again to himself, "She is not happy. Oh, what wouldn't I give to make her happy!"

And suddenly he found himself saying, "I wish she were mine. I wish she belonged to me. I wish I could take care of them all for her."

He stopped short in the street. What was this he was saying? Evelyn Bernard was another man's promised wife. James stood very still for a little while, then turned off to the left and made his way to church.

It was late of a Friday night, but the priests were in the confessionals, and twenty people were waiting, late as it was, to make confession, for the next day was a great feast. James sank down on his knees and hid his face, and looked into his honest, faithful heart. Yes, he was linking his happiness to a Protestant, and

that Protestant was betrothed to another. What should he do?

Yes, what should he do? for as he told himself, the Bernards needed him. Raeburn could never be to them what he was. Might he not at least go there as a friend to help and comfort them?

But when, the last of all who waited in the church, he came away, he knew what his duty was, and he crushed down gravely every contrary pleading of his tender heart before that one stern call of duty.

"God's way is best," said James Purcell, humbly. "He will take care of them, and I will not risk my soul."

He fancied that perhaps Evelyn would speak to him, would ask him why he had deserted them, but for three days she scarcely looked at any one, and never spoke unless addressed directly. His heart ached so at sight of her wan face that at last he would not even glance at her, or try in any other way to know how matters went with her. "God will take care of her," said James; "I must leave her to him."

But on the fourth day the courthouse was echoing to the news that Evelyn Bernard's engagement to Frederick Raeburn was broken.

No reason was assigned beyond the vague one of "mutual consent," but every one laid the blame at Raeburn's door. "He had not pluck enough to wait for or to work hard with her," people said.

When James Purcell heard the news, a sudden smile, unmarked by any one, broke over his rugged face.

"It's very odd," he mused, "how glad I feel. I'm just as sorry for them as I can possibly be, and whatever people may say, I don't believe either of them is in fault. It will all come right again, no doubt. I hope it may, if it will only make her happy. And yet my heart feels very queer—as light as a feather. It has not been so light since I knew she was engaged. There, what a donkey I am. She never would dream of marrying a poor stick like me; and besides she is a Protestant, though God could alter that."

A few days made a great change in Bly Lane. The fair young spirit that had brightened it was a worn and saddened spirit, and the house was a saddened house. Belle broke down suddenly and completely into a weak, hysterical invalid who could give no sort of help and was a constant care. And one day a voice which James would have known in the desert of Sahara or the city of Pekin, said very simply from behind his chair, where he sat at work facing the window:

"Mr. Purcell!"

"Yes, Miss Evelyn."

He had not spoken to her since that evening in her own house when the confusion had been calmed at his entrance. Both remembered it, and Evelyn blushed, for though with womanly honor she had striven to shield Raeburn from blame, and with womanly weakness dwelt tenderly still upon his memory, she fancied James must know why her engagement was broken. Then, looking at his kind dull face, she thought her secret still her own. Every one laughed at James, and every one came to him in trouble. Evelyn came as simply as the rest.

"Mr. Purcell, you have not been to see us since—since—since—for a long time. It must have been your kind consideration for me. But Belle is ill, and she calls and calls for you. Would you be willing to come and see her?"

Willing! James turned abruptly round to his window again. "Yes, Miss Evelyn; after office," he said, gruffly, and Evelyn departed, wondering. She could not see the dew in James's eyes, nor the trembling of his lips.

That very day he came, and one evening after another found him there. To weak, childish Belle he became a better help than sister or

physician. She had had no religious training; the life in that household had been wrapped up in the home-life, each to each; now in her weakness everything seemed to fail her.

"If I could only bear this nervousness," she cried; "I can't rest, I can't be good, I can't be still. I get angry all the time. How would you bear it, Mr. Purcell?"

And at length James turned to Evelyn, who was sewing near by, more white and far more sad at heart and desolate than Belle; and he asked meaningly, "Miss Evelyn, may I tell her how I should bear it?"

"I wish you would," Evelyn answered, huskily; "and I wish you would tell me. Nothing frets you."

James put his hand inside his vest and drew out reverently and laid on Belle's hand a small crucifix. "I ask myself how *he* bore it," said James.

How strangely it sounded to the two sisters to hear that strong man say those words. He spoke as if the thought of his Lord was as natural, and real, and customary to him as any other thought; nay, more than any other.

"He must have felt the pain through every nerve," James went on, slowly, as though for his own good as well as for Belle's. "And he bore it patiently. And he bore it for us. And he loves us."

These words were James's only text on that night. Belle lay quite still all the rest of his visit with the crucifix in her hand, and he left it there when he went away. And all that night, and for many a day and night afterward, the younger sister in her pain of body, and the elder sister in her pain of mind pondered on the simple saying, "And he bore it patiently. And he bore it for us. And he loved us."

Belle asked to know more at James's next visit, and James taught more and more, while Evelyn listened silently, and Mr. Bernard came once to hear, and after that came always. By and by the blessing was vouchsafed them, which dwarfed all other blessings and all other trials before it in the light and joy of its coming, the blessing of the faith.

But still the sickness and the poverty lasted, and though Evelyn was brave now with a courage and strong with a strength that she had never known before, she was growing feeble in body under the constant stress and strain of home cares and office work.

And at last, when her cup of trouble seemed on the point of overflowing, a letter came to her which she read with bated breath.

"Miss Evelyn," it said, "I am a poor, blundering, awkward man, with little to live on, and no brains to use even that little well. But I have watched you and yours till I think my heart will break if I don't speak. Miss Evelyn, I love you. Could you put up with such a poor crutch as I am—a very frail support for life's journey—and take me for your husband, to be a son to your parents, and a brother to their children? You are wearing out with care and trouble. If you would only be so very, very kind as to marry me at once, and let me come straight to your home and take all the burdens that I can, and share the stress with you, I think my blessings would be too great. I know I ask too much, but I *must* ask, and God will help me to be what I ought to you. Faithfully yours, JAMES PURCELL."

He was taking no step in the dark, this foolish, blundering fellow. He knew what he was offering to do. The trials, and worries, and needs of that large, suffering household he had witnessed for a year, and shared. Evelyn went to her desk, and took from it Raeburn's picture, which she had kept secretly all this weary while, and she studied it.

"We shall be happy again," she had said often, looking at it through tears. Now she laid it beside that other lover's letter with its longing to be allowed to share her griefs, and

pains, and cares, and as she gazed at them a great scorn was on her face.

"I loved you once," she said aloud, as though Raeburn could hear her, but it was herself whom she was scorning, and not him. "I have been blind. I have blinded myself."

"Ned," she cried, running downstairs, "will you go ask Mr. Purcell to come here?"

She did not wait for ceremony when he came.

"Mr. Purcell," she said, and the crimson glowed high in her cheeks, and her eyes shone like two shining stars, "do you mean all that you wrote here? Have you weighed it well?"

"I mean it all," he answered, twisting his big fingers nervously. "I couldn't mean anything else, you know. And I tried to weigh it, but though I seem very bad and not fit to speak to you, I suppose I can't feel as awkward and good for nothing to myself as I do to you, so perhaps I didn't weigh it all. No, I ought never to have asked you. Let's pretend I never did, Miss Evelyn."

"Oh," she cried, "I don't want to pretend that you don't understand me. I meant, have you considered how disagreeable everything is here, and what a burden you are taking upon your shoulders?"

"Why, no," he answered, thoughtfully, "I never did. I think this is —this is—oh, I don't know how to say it. But I think this is a beautiful house because you are in it, and I love your people because you love them; and I thought it was I who was disagreeable, and the burden and the responsibility, because I never know how to manage my money, and you will have to look after me a good deal. Could you?"

"Oh!" gasped Evelyn again.

And then she was silent, and the two characters stood out plainly before her mind, that of the man who loved her for his own sake, and that of the man who, loving her, forgot himself in her needs and cares.

"Mr. Purcell," she said, "will you promise me, faithfully, one thing?"

"I will, indeed, Miss Evelyn," he answered, with his honest look.

"Will you promise me that, whatever happens, you will never draw back from what you have said tonight; that you will always stand by me and help me, always?"

"Yes," he said, simply, his whole heart in his eyes.

"*Whatever happens?*" she repeated with emphasis, the misery of the past disappointment still weighing hard upon her young soul, that, until within a few months, had never realized what a betrayed trust meant.

"Whatever happens," he replied. "It seems to me only too great a joy to be allowed to share anything with you and yours."

She stood there in her youth and beauty, and she knew that she loved him, and loved him as she had never loved any one before. She knew that nobody, however wise, or handsome, or courtly, could match for her this unselfish loyalty, this good heart laid humbly at her feet; and she laughed out gayly and triumphantly.

She had not dreamed that she could pain him, or that he could misunderstand her. His face grew sorrowful and ashamed. Never in all her life had she looked so beautiful. The contrast between her and himself became painfully distinct to him. He thought of the twelve years that lay between them, his uncouth manners, his plain countenance, his rough voice.

Her quick eye read it all. She drew nearer to him, her frank, royal nature stirred to keen expression in her lovely face.

"You have taught me what makes life worth living," she cried. "You have loved me with an unselfish Christian heart. What can manners count against that! Whatever happens, I know you will not leave me, and I thank God for you, and love you."

SENSATIONAL PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

St. Augustine says that the ends of preaching are three: *ut veritas pateat, doceat, moveat*—"Truth should be clear, teaching, and effective." This idea is also found in Quintilian, from whom very likely the Saint and Doctor borrowed it. It is the theory of all rhetoric, and, short and apothegmic as it is, it nevertheless is the basis of all fine speaking and writing. The search for and acquirement of truth is the first qualification of the rhetorician, his primary and essential duty, without which all his future elaboration is useless; yet even this is dependent for its effect upon his ability to present it in a clear and intelligible form. Socrates says that rhetorical clearness depends upon thorough knowledge. What you KNOW you can express. Emerson remarks that the man who thoroughly *knows* and is master of his theme, will command attention, though his presentation of it may lack elocutionary and rhetorical beauty. He says, "the man who has the fact, may scream or sputter it, yet he has the ear of the auditory." The third Augustinian requisite is, that the truth should move or persuade, by which is understood such setting forth of the truth as will produce conviction and assent in the hearers. Under this head are included all the rules of rhetoric, and those appliances which the great orators employed in carrying conviction. The entire apparatus of elocution, such as voice, gesture, and facial expression, is likewise included under this head. Many a truth has entirely depended for its efficacy upon the external qualifications of the speaker or writer. Harshness of face and tone, ungrammaticalness, and ignorance of rhetorical effects, have frequently combined to render an oration or essay practially ineffective. As Voltaire says—"All styles are good except the tedious."

The confusion or even the preponderance of any one of the three principles referred to is the radical fault of most of the preaching today, even inside the Catholic Church. The Catholic preacher has the inestimable privilege of possessing the fulness of doctrinal truth. He stands upon the fact, and whether he screams or sputters it, as Emerson says, he has the advantage over the best orator outside of the communion of the Church. He is, moreover, the voice and delegated minister of God, ordained to proclaim his word, and specially sent and set aside for this purpose. He is distinguished from all so-called preachers by divine ordinance. "He speaks, as one having authority, and not as the scribes." The consciousness of this power lends intrinsic force to his utterances. When Massillon ascended the pulpit, the audience were made to feel that they were upon the point of receiving a divine message, and most Catholics have experienced a like feeling in listening even to the least gifted Catholic preacher. Father Burke has, somewhere, a thought that the Catholic priest speaks with all the fulness of divine truth. He knows whereof he discourses, and his auditory are in the possession of the great truths of the faith. The orator is not obliged to prove his thesis. It is already firmly established in the mind and heart of his hearers. He cannot violate the great principles of Catholic truth, for these, too, are fully known to his people. He therefore ascends to a higher plane than any sectarian or secular orator. He has the truth, and truth which needs no clearing up. He has the highest privilege of the orator—simply to move and persuade.

We have sometimes regretted, both in our own case as a Catholic priest and preacher, and in some of our colleagues in the sacred ministry, that we are wont to devote too much time and attention to the exposition of a doctrinal truth already in possession of our audiences. Nothing can be falser or more ineffective rhetorically. Demosthenes in his oration "On the Crown" and in the "Philippics," bursts out at once upon the facts and convictions of his hearers. So should the Catholic priest. At times, it may be advisable to preach a dogmatic sermon; but its comparative uselessness is a strong argument against it. The principle of St. Augustine, "*ut veritas pateat*" is so firmly fixed in a Catholic audience, that the attempt to make the shining forth of the truth more brilliant generally results in its darkening. We once heard a priest tell a story which he vouched for as true. He said that he preached a sermon upon the Real Presence, and mentioned the historical fact that Berengarius was the first heretic to deny the mystery. The next day he met one of his congregation, who, commenting upon the sermon, remarked, "That *Barrington* you mentioned yesterday, Father; the chap that lives down the road, here, don't amount to much anyway. He is drunk all the time. If I were you, I wouldn't mind anything which that darned old fellow says." This was rather a quaint comment upon Berengarius, who, as he happened to live about eight hundred years ago, must long since have gotten over all his sprees.

How precious a possession the truth is needs no long explanation. Nothing is valuable without it. No grace of rhetoric will supply its place. No elocutionary trick will suffice. Instinctively almost an audience will detect its absence, from argument, from theme, and from even the manner of the orator. He may possess a pleasing address, a cultivated voice, and oratorical pose, but if he announces no soul-satisfying truth, he will labor in vain to produce a deep and abiding impression. Such being the fact, we often wonderingly speculate upon the themes which the average Protestant minister selects, and we are amazed at the effects which he produces. After much reflection, we ascribe his general success to two causes: the rarity of oratorical power among men, which leads them to listen attentively to any one possessed of even few oratorical qualities; and, next, to the emotional and sensational nature of most Protestant sermons. The minister may ignore truth, its clearness and intelligibility, and yet he throws himself at once into high mental excitement and bodily agitation. By simply attending to the moving of the feelings, he achieves triumphs of pulpit eloquence which the Catholic priest, with his clear shining truth, passes over as either puerile or laughable. And yet the sacred minister of Catholic truth may, with perfect logic and admirable propriety, address himself at once to the feelings and emotions of his people. Why he does not, as a rule, do so, springs, very likely, from scholarly training, and, perchance, from the inner feeling, that he would be "making a Methodist ranter of himself."

The orator is indeed a *rara avis*, for the very simple reason that a great orator is a great man, and we count great men upon the fingers of one hand. The qualities that go to the making up of a great speaker are the same that make a great soul. Wonderful sympathy, wide-reaching as the ocean, and, in the sacred orator especially, all aflame with divine love and eagerness for the salvation of souls; high intellectual endowments; perfect memory, unsurpassed command of expression; a diction as rich as a poet's; a voice, if possible, like Bossuet's, which Carlyle de-

scribes as equally capable of expressing a thunderstorm or the plaintiveness of a dove; all these are necessary for the orator. Why wonder we that he is so rare, or that the Athenian philosopher and orator boasted that he could cure men of diseases by his eloquence alone?

The Protestant minister devotes all his attention to homiletics. He is ambitious of becoming a fine speaker, and to attain to this eminence he spares no pains. The great theological schools of Protestantism have professors of elocution, and yearly invite the most eminent preachers to deliver a course of lectures upon the subject of pulpit eloquence. We know only one Catholic seminary in this country (that of Troy), which has a professor of homiletics. In most of our Catholic seminaries, so much attention is paid to the acquisition of afterward unused languages and unavailable studies generally that our really learned priests are obliged to study preaching after ordination, and to learn the very difficult art of how to think on their legs. The extremely sophomoric and "highfalutin" character of "first sermons" will occur to the reader. Few young priests can make even a tolerable address. Hesitation, confusion, bad grammar, and what Mrs. Gamp would call an "all kind of gone, helpless like" appearance and feeling, are the characteristics of the young priest's first attempt at addressing an audience. The glib volubility of the young Protestant minister results from his preparatory practice. The writer of this remembers his woful plight when first ascending the pulpit. His sermon being the leading thought in his mind, he forgot entirely the regular church announcements. He has a vague recollection of confusing the reading of a meeting of the Rosary Society after vespers, and a pic-nic which would take place on the ensuing Thursday, but to this day he never knows when either event was announced to occur; but his firm conviction is that the pic-nic was to take place after the vesper service. All such confusion comes simply from inability to think upon legs. Most of our young clergy are in a chronic condition of what Nathaniel Hawthorne calls "a disposition of our brains to run into our feet as soon as we stand up." Poor Hawthorne never could make even an after-dinner speech (the easiest form of oratorical composition), and his painful expression of countenance upon rising to a toast always set the table in a good-natured round of applause, during which, with a vague though cordial wave of the hand and a desperately determined "hem" or "haw," the great writer, but utterly ineffective speaker, would joyfully sit down.

The casual listener to a Protestant preacher will be struck at once with his careful elocutionary training. Nobody despises the whole elocutionary trade more than we; because we believe, with Webster, who was the greatest orator of the nineteenth century, that "when great interests are at stake and strong passions are excited, nothing is valuable in rhetoric except action;" by which he meant Demosthenic action—which comes, if it comes at all, like the bursting forth of a volcano, and is the highest expression of man. The noble gesture, the action of the hands, and of the figure, even in conversation, are characteristic of man. The brute has no gesture. It belongs only to man, and is an evidence of his divine origin. But if it is affected or studied it strikes one as ape-like or dramatic. When we are excited, we naturally gesticulate. When we are pretending to excitement, we are reduced to the predicament of Sydney Smith's preacher, whose sentimental sermon, in manuscript, was at proper intervals marked, "indignation," "tears," "here cough," etc. Deep

feeling always suggests the proper gesture, and, as nature is ever graceful, so will the gesture be. We have heard all the eminent Protestant preachers of our day, and we unqualifiedly pronounce them ungraceful and affected in delivery. A priest explaining the catechism to his Sunday-school struck us of all as most admirably natural and sincere. Dr. Chapin, who is a much more learned man than Mr. Beecher, and a more sincere man, uses no action. The reason lies in the deep truth of St. Augustine, that unless the speaker or writer has the fulness of conviction, he cannot make the truth plain—"*ut veritas pateat.*" "All nature works to reveal a secret," says Emerson. So there can be no action, no high oratorical power or sway, unless the truth is held both by speaker and by audience.

The mere external culture of the Protestant minister renders him pleasing, or at least not offensive, to his hearers. His fluency passes for eloquence; and if he combine learning with fluency, his position is secure, and leads eventually to the pleasant pastures. Most Protestant sermons indicate careful preparation and extensive reading. We remember a sermon of Rev. Phillips Brooks, formerly of this city, upon the subject of the Holy Ghost as our personal comforter and guide, which sermon seemed to be a transcript from, or certainly suggested by, a chapter in Cardinal Manning's book on the *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost.* The Protestant minister has the leisure, and is under the obligation to study. Our priests generally have little time. Their duties embrace a larger circle, and are more exacting than the minister's, who can pass hours in his study, when the priest is running on sick-calls or looking after bad Catholics. Few Protestants have any call for the preacher, and often do not send for him even in mortal sickness. With the Catholic the reverse is the case. He cannot engage in any important work without consulting the priest; and there are very few priests who have more than their meal-times which they can call their own, and frequently not even those. The result of this is apparent in the composition and literary character of their sermons. The *New York Herald* every Monday gives a synopsis of sermons, and the crudeness and lack of original thought in the Catholic sermons are in direct contrast with the studied effort to produce effect of Protestant discourses; although General Truth carries the day with Catholic fathers.

Why so few priests turn out good speakers is a mystery. They receive an admirable education, and, unlike other collegians, their staid habits and strict discipline combine to render their college career exceptionally serviceable and effective. The Catholic seminarian is rarely, if ever, allowed to visit his paternal home. He rises at an early hour—generally five o'clock—often at four. His devotions, including Mass, do not last over two hours; and the remainder of the day, down to nine o'clock P.M., is spent in study. If, like the boys of Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, he could pass evening after evening in the society of the town, or get vacation after vacation, or attend class at his option, we would not be surprised if he turned out an ignoramus, as so many collegians do. But the trouble with the priest is, he cannot use his knowledge effectively. He knows enough, but has no training in expression; or a training in Latin, which does not at all contribute to perfection in the vernacular, if, on the contrary, it be not fatal to anything like grace and ease in writing or speaking. Dr. Johnson's great knowledge of the Latin language and literature spoiled his English style completely, though he DID write a Latin translation of Pope's *Messiah,* which, as the latter poet

said, will be taken by posterity as the original of his own poem. Much classicity results in "words of wondrous length and thundering sound;" and it is remarkable, though not unexplainable, that the most idiomatic writer of English in our day was Charles Dickens, who was neither college-bred nor, until late in life, acquainted with any language save his own. The Protestant preacher pursues all his studies in English, and, instead of making attempts at speaking Latin, manages, in his English commentaries, to pile up quite as much false theology as our own seminarians do true. The great command of texts and of Scripture illustrations evinced by Protestant divines lies completely in abeyance in the hands of the Catholic priest, who cannot on the instant translate his Latin texts into English, no matter how clear to his mind their meaning may be. We remember, on a certain occasion, a priest who had not an English Testament, wishing to read the gospel to his people, took up the Latin Missal. The gospel was that of the unjust steward, and it abounds in untranslatable words and difficult forms of speech. Anyhow, before long, our reverend friend became completely muddled among "bushels of oil" and "barrels of wheat," the very remembrance of which words in the English translation serving to confuse him, and he managed to leave the unjust steward under the haziest cloud of character.

Those who peruse the *Yearly Yale Lectures on Preaching* will remember the exceeding stress which all the lecturers lay upon moving the feelings. Therein does all Protestantism consist. The appeal to the feelings, which falls under the peroration in a perfect oration, is the body and soul of all Protestant sermonizing. Even preachers who disdain and denounce the word and idea, "sensational," cannot help themselves. Protestantism is a religion of feeling, quite as much as Catholicity is a religion of intellect. There is, of course, no religion without an intellectual basis; and even Mythology endeavored uselessly, as it proved, to give some rational basis to its creed. But all Protestant sects depend mainly upon feeling; and in proportion as the emotional nature is moved, so religion with them is supposed to increase. That calm, cold, statuesque, and everlasting existence of ideas, as unchangeable as fate, or rather as God,—an idea familiar to Catholic minds,—has no acceptance with Protestants. A Catholic is a Catholic forever, by reason of the objective force of the Church, and the existence of an external order which he cannot change even if he will. A Protestant feeds upon sentiment. He loves to be moved, to be stirred, to have religious experiences, to have "the witness of the Spirit." The sentimental phase is, generally speaking, laughable to the Catholic mind. Even Catholic women, who, by reason of their sex, should be prone to ecstatic experience and general sentimentalism, are apt to be quite intellectual and sensible in their piety.

The rapture and excitement of Methodism are never seen in a Catholic Church, not even in the times of the mission, nor in the most excitable of Catholic peoples, the Italians. Emotionalism, such as is common in nearly all Protestant Churches, is unknown in Catholicism. Sentiment is the life of Protestantism. It has no intellectual or doctrinal vigor. The preacher who electrifies a congregation, or who can even diffuse that peculiar religious feeling which is regarded as a sufficient substitute for piety, will be sure to be honored and flattered. Hence the homiletic direction of the minister's study. He labors to preach well. He quick accustoms himself to those sympathetic moods which strike the cold and dispassionate observer as so strange and

absurd. He is easily moved to tears, and can assume a lachrymose expression *instanter*. A frightful whine, which is supposed to indicate religious feeling, has quite supplanted the nasal twang which, fifty years ago, was regarded as necessary to orthodoxy. Nothing can be more painful to the sensitive ear than this whine. Some preachers limit it to the opening prayer and the benediction, and manage to exclude it from the sermon, but the howl is distinguishable even on the street, as one hurries by a Protestant conventicle. The chant prescribed by the Church was arranged on the wisest of reasons, to prevent extempore prayer or the reading of prayers. Why men read prayers in the most unearthly tones they can possibly produce is one of those religious mysteries which all of us are patiently expecting the last day to reveal.

With all his traditions and experiences pointing that way, there is no wonder that the Protestant preacher indulges in the sensational. He is ever on the lookout for striking phrases, and for this purpose he diligently reads light literature. The sermons of De Witt Talmage are curious studies of what Richard Grant White would call "words that are not words." Poverty of thought is concealed by wealth of words. The simple and noble sentiment or idea of which this preacher seems incapable gives place to the slang of the street or the rather dubious joke. Talmage may be written down an ass; but the muscular power of his large ears has long served to attract attention to him. The newspaper men, who are the keenest critics in the country, long ago stripped him of his lion's skin; and no less cosmopolitan city than New York could afford to support him. He represents the extreme sensationalism of Protestantism, and is evidently always on the lookout for the slightest opportunity of attracting attention. How ignoble an aim, compared with that of simply showing forth divine truth! Robert Collyer some years ago was another sensational preacher, but we believe he went to England. All Protestant ministers aim at the same effects, and resort to the same means; and it is noticeable that Protestant converts who enter the Catholic priesthood can never form any idea of preaching except that which deals largely with the feelings.

Great as John Henry Newman is in history and theology, his sermons are so logically constructed that not even their great learning and beauty prevent them from being at times tedious. It is not so with Dr. Chalmers, with Edward Irving, or even with Spurgeon, whose wonderful poetic feeling, however, is sufficient to render his discourses admirable to a general reader. But why can they not simply state their theme and so let it rest? Alas! they have not the truth. It is not clear to them, nor intelligible to their audiences, and their striking appeals to the feelings affect us as did the philosophical speculations of the Laputans affect Gulliver, who, in his wonderful voyage to that aerial island, relates that all the philosophers were in deep concern about the condition of the sun and the aspects of the planets; and that the very first question which they anxiously asked him, was his opinion upon the spots on the sun's disk, and whether he believed that the universe would be consumed in a million of years or not?

A prominent Protestant preacher remarked to the writer that he never touched upon dogmatic themes, for the reason that his audience might be of divided opinion. The reader of the religious notices in a Saturday paper will often be amused at the variety of topics announced to be discussed, and their very general divergence from the Scriptural orbit a very natural apprehension. The Church prescribes a certain gospel for every Sunday in the year, and whilst

the Catholic preacher is at liberty to select any topic, he is hedged in completely by his character as a priest and the positive disinclination of the Church to his saying anything *outré*. No pent-up Utica confines the powers of the Protestant minister.

Whatever breathes of the sensational element belongs to him, and the last railroad accident, or the pending silver bill, fall under his category of sermons. It is to be regretted that the highest medium of religious persuasion should be degraded to the clap-trap of street-corner eloquence, and the noble function of human speech, best used when used in the pulpit, should deck itself out in what the stern Cicero would call meretricious ornaments. (*De Oratore*, cap. ix.) But the sly Protestant reader, who dislikes going to church, jogs our elbow and whispers: "Who cares about all your dull theorizing on the subject of preaching? Tell us where there is a good preacher, *even if he is sensational*, and we'll go hear him." The Catholic goes to hear the word of God, not of man.

IN THANKSGIVING.

At last! at last! Oh joy! Oh victory!
But not to me, my God, ah, not to me
But to Thy Name the praise, the glory be!

At last! at last! but when was prayer unheeded?
And more wouldst Thou have given had more been needed,
For purer lips than mine my cause have pleaded.

Oh trust, that trembled on the verge of failing!
Oh timid heart, at shadowy terrors quailing,
Spending thyself in conflict unavailing!

Dear God, forgive! my fears are shamed to flight;
O'ershadowed by Thy mercy and Thy might,
I rest in humble-hearted still delight.

Oh teach me song to praise Thee gladsomely
Whose strong hands cleared the tangled way for me,
And saved me from the snares I could not flee!

Fain would I linger under skies so fair,
Too happy here, Lord, in my answered prayer,
To reck what stars are shining otherwhere!

GOD'S EXISTENCE KNOWN TO REASON.

When Pius the Ninth defined that God can with certainty be known from created things by the natural light of human reason, some amongst Catholics thought that a truth so patent needed no definition. The Pope, guided by the Holy Spirit, ruled differently, and the experience of the seven years that have run since the Vatican Council shows the wisdom and the necessity of the definition. Theories that strike at the root of natural and revealed religion are gaining ground so quickly as to be talked about, not merely in the universities, but—so say the Reviews—in club and drawing-room. The pages of the *Nineteenth Century* are proof sufficient that some foremost writers have parted, on so-called scientific grounds, with their belief in that personal God who is the Father, the Friend, and the End of man. Were there any need of apology for treating a theme apparently so threadbare, it is found in the words of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, in a letter to the Archbishop of Munich in 1862, says that it is the highest duty of philosophy to prove, maintain, uphold (*demonstrare, vindicare, defendere*) the existence, the nature, and the attributes of God—and it belongs, at least indirectly, to theology to test the cogency of these proofs. For if it be clearly taught in Scripture—that great source of theological truth—that reason can with its own unaided strength reach to the knowledge of God, it comes within the sphere of theology to examine the argument.

As grace presupposes nature, so revelation presupposes an acquaintance with those truths which fall within the compass of reason. Theology is only too glad to use philosophy as a help to a better understanding of the dogmas of faith. This is all the more true in the matter which I treat, for the object is the same to theologian or philosopher, although seen in a different light.

Even a superficial acquaintance with the Old Testament shows us that the inspired writers suppose, where they do not openly state, that this visible universe is a mirror dimly reflecting its great Creator. David never wearies of repeating that the beauty of outward things, the skill in design marked on the face of the world, only serves to shadow forth the greatness of Him who reared the fabric. There are none so deaf as not to hear the note of thanksgiving which, as Bellarmine says in his beautiful interpretation of the eighteenth Psalm, each day transmits to its successor, while the close of one night signals to the other to begin the hymn of thanksgiving to God. The music of creation, to copy a phrase from the Fathers, is heard in every tongue, race, land. There is no consideration more familiar in Scripture than that the works of God are the expression of his thoughts embodied in sensible, tangible shape, and bearing the traces of the Mind that conceived them. Even the monsters that tread the earth or live in the deep waters speak of their Maker. "Ask now the beasts," says Job, "and they shall teach thee, and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall answer thee, and the fishes of the sea shall tell." In the well-known passage from the thirteenth chapter of Wisdom, it is distinctly, clearly, and forcibly laid down, first that from things good to the eye the mind learns of One from whom the goodness has been borrowed; secondly, from created beauty it rises to uncreated; thirdly, from the work may be gathered the

existence of the Architect; fourthly, in the greatness of the creature the Creator may in some way be seen—*a magnitudine speciei cognoscibiliter potest horum Creator videri.* I hardly know if it be possible for words to speak more plainly. There is no limitation to any class of men. *Si enim tantum potuerunt scire ut possent æstimare sæculum: quomodo hujus dominum non facilius invenerunt?* Nor can ignorance plead excuse; for the mind that can prize the world around it can more easily find and therefore appreciate Him who made it. But the Council leans on the first chapter to the Romans, and over it I must pass briefly. "Because," says the Apostle, "what is known of God is manifest in them, for God hath shown it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the beginning of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and divinity, so that they are without excuse." The Apostle may speak chiefly, but not exclusively, of philosophers. All the Gentiles are embraced. If the context were narrowed to one class, would the Council have quoted the verse as the basis of a canon binding on the Universal Church? The endeavor to rid the words *ita ut sint inexcusabiles* of their natural force by the objection that in matters of religion man is bound to take probability in lack of certainty, and that probable not certain knowledge is meant here, is against the obvious sense and spirit of the passage. "Don't you see," says St. Paul, as I paraphrase him, "these men simply have not got a leg to stand on. Why they need only look around them to find God's divinity staring them in the face!"

The antithesis is clearly brought out in the original τὰ ἀόρατα καθορᾶται, where the words *Sempiterna quoque virtus et divinitas,* are seen to be merely explanatory of the ἀόρατα. Interpreters quarrel without end about the sense to be given to *invisibilia, virtus,* and *divinitas.* It seems to me that the *invisibilitas* may be fairly taken as the complexus of the Divine perfections; *virtus,* the power of the Maker seen by the mind in the vastness of his work; *divinitas,* the majesty of the Being on whom all lean, the goal towards whom all things bend. St. Paul says the knowledge is clear (φανερόν). It must then come from natural light, not from revelation. For the truths of revelation are the object of faith, and faith is not said to be clear, at least as far as regards the person who reveals, although it may be as far as the truth that is revealed. Here God reveals not by his word, but by his work. The Council says, "We can know God with certainty." Certainty is the rest enjoined by the mind in the perception of truth. But what is meant by the words to "know God?" Know is used in a multitude of senses. We know a man by appearance, by his face and figure, while his nature and disposition are in great part hidden to us. Similarly in the text the eye of the mind looks through outward things upon him who made them. At least it is certain he exists; but it knows next to nothing of his nature. The first glance at the feature gives a scanty idea. Time and careful inspection bring out the lines in the portrait. Similarly in the mind's apprehension of God. St. Paul says man learns from his works that the Creator lives, and the lesson is so easy, that the knowledge may be said to be immediate or innate, in that man in the full use of his powers at once sees the hand of God in the world before us. I am not pressing the text. I think it refers to the first knowledge of God, and so it is commonly explained by the Fathers, although the words may also refer to that fuller and more complete knowledge which thought and study bring. The knowledge here spoken of, as I conceive, is

what theologians describe as indistinct or confused. When they have told us this, they seem to think they have fulfilled all justice, for they are most careful to avoid saying in what this confused knowledge lies. My notion is somewhat of this sort. A man in the full use of his power is reasoning all day long. He reasons without ever being aware that he is reasoning. For reason is a necessity of his nature. It is as idle to forbid man to reason, as it is to try to prevent a bloodhound from scenting his prey. Reason is at once the symbol of man's greatness and a proof of his imperfection. Of all notions, no matter what modern philosophers may say, the commonest is cause and effect. In every-day life we act on it. Do we rise sick in the morning, the headache is traced to excess in food and work. Are our books tossed upside down on our table? Some dear friend has been meddling. Man looks on the world around him, his intellect is struck by its order and symmetry, he is awed by the vastness of sea, earth, sun. How came they here? Reason points to some powerful, independent Supreme Being, apart from things of sense. The idea is vague, misty, indistinct. The mind may connect many qualities which afterthought shows to be incompatible with the conception of God. The notion of Supreme Being comes out prominently—on that the mind rests. Further search will scatter the mists and bring out the object in bolder relief. Even in the case of the ignorant, the sight of creatures must raise a doubt or suspicion that some ruler or lord exists, and in a matter of such importance reason will urge further inquiry. This, then, is my own notion. This first and very imperfect knowledge will lead to clearer insight of God, if man only strives his best. *Quærere Deum*, says St. Paul, in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts, *si forte attrectent aut inveniant.* Where, as Franzelin points out, *quærere* refers to an object of which the mind has some knowledge, for we do not seek for what is absolutely and entirely unknown to exist; and *attrectent*, which in the original is rendered by ψηλαφήσειαν, means, as we say, feeling in the dark along the wall until finally you reach the door. This *immediate* knowledge of God (using the word immediate in the sense above explained) is so necessary to man that theologians generally agree that he cannot remain long without it. Molina and Arriaga say that man can be long in ignorance of his Maker, but their arguments tend rather to show, not that man has no conception of God, but that sin and passion may, as St. Austin says, close his eyes to the light that is streaming over his soul. Vasquez* lays down distinctly that God's existence is seen so evidently and so clearly in created objects that it is not in our power to deny it; and this opinion is strengthened by Coninck† when he asserts that a certain inclination is given by the Author of our nature which prompts us at once to judge there is some Being on whom all things depend; and Carleton goes even further, for he says it is impossible by any effort or labor to check these inward yearnings after God, or entirely to drive from the mind all thoughts of Him who made us. But by far the strongest witness is St. Thomas, in a passage so plain that it is impossible to mistake the drift of it.‡ The Saint says a child is bound under grave sin to turn to God the moment he reaches the use of reason. Therefore, according to St. Thomas, at that moment he has some knowledge of God, otherwise how can he turn to Him? No one can turn towards an object he does not see, or love a thing he does not know.

The Fathers, from St. Justin the

* 1 p. D. 19, s. 4.
† De Act. Super. D. 18, dub. 2, n. 9.
‡ 1, 2, q. 8, 9 a. 6 ad 3.

Apologist to St. Bernard, are unanimous in teaching that the human mind, from the contemplation of this visible world, rises to the God who made it. The Fathers mention two kinds of knowledge of God: one is called innate, or immediate, because, as before stated, from the mere sight of outward things the existence of God their creator in some dim and uncertain way flashes upon man; the other is that more perfect knowledge of God and of His attributes, free from all error, which reason can with its unaided strength (*per se*) acquire after long and diligent search. The former, because easy, is shared by all; the latter, from the great difficulties that beset its attainment, is to the run of men morally impossible without the help of Revelation. I am writing for Catholics, who remember that the Fathers are not merely authorized exponents of doctrine, but chiefly witnesses to the unchanging faith of the Church. Their teaching, therefore, on this head testifies to the belief of the days in which they lived. I refer to some of the more prominent testimonies. Clement of Alexandria* says that it is perhaps better not to attempt a proof of God's existence, since His Providence is self-evident to those who look upon His works. Men without any instruction recognize the Father and Creator of all things. No set of men, he goes on to say, whether of those who live in towns, or lead a wandering life, can be found not possessing a belief in a higher Power. From east to west and from north to south all have the same first notion (προλήψιν) of Him who made the world, because his operations have pervaded all things. It will be here noticed that Clement speaks of a certain preconception, using a word which might seem, at first blush, to exclude knowledge gained by sense. But the term is frequently applied to those early notions, imperfect and faulty, which the first glance gives. So at least the expression is explained by Franzelin, one of the first living authorities on the teaching of the Fathers. St. Athanasius speaks no less plainly.* According to him all creation, by the exquisite symmetry of its parts, speaks loudly of its Maker. God, invisible in himself, can be known from His works. For the architect, not seen in person, is recognized by his productions. As the statues of Phidias revealed their master's skill, so, says the Saint, in the world around us we see the finger of God. St. Gregory Nazianzen† says: "The nature of God is in itself inappreciable and incomprehensible—*non quod sit, sed quid sit.* These two points differ very widely. *For both our eyes and the natural law teach that God exists,* and that He is the cause, creating and preserving all things. . . . For how could this universe have been formed and kept together except by God, who creates and preserves all things? No one perceiving a harp beautifully formed, its skill and harmony, or listening to the duly blended sounds, can think of aught else than the maker and player on the harp. To the maker in thought is he borne, even though hapily his appearance be unknown. Just so the cause that makes and moves and preserves the things that are made, is clearly seen, although not thoroughly grasped by the mind."

I could multiply extracts without end, all teaching the same lesson, that the world is a book eloquent in its Author's praise; but as I have already quoted some representatives of the Greek Church, I shall allow St. Augustine and Tertullian to speak for the Latin. The former, in a passage of exceeding beauty, found in his 141st sermon, bids us

* Strom. v, pp. 547-612.

* Orat. Contra Gentes, nn. 34, 35.

† Orat. xxviii al xxxiv, nn. 5, 6.

ask the globe, and the glistening stars that deck the heavens, the sun that lends its light to the day, and the moon that soothes the loneliness of night; he bids us inquire from the earth, teeming with fruits and shrubs, and the sea, swarming with fish, and the air with birds—how came they there, and they will all with one voice proclaim, God made us. It might be well for those who talk so much of the poetry of nature, of their reverence for the "great mother," to turn over from time to time the pages of St. Augustine. They will find therein a soul keenly alive to the influence of natural beauty, who heard a voice in wood, and mountain, and running stream, speaking of One from whom all earth's loveliness has been borrowed. Tertullian says:* "God is known to all by the light of reason (*naturaliter*), from the testimony of his works." Again, the same writer, in his work *Contra Marcionem*,† argues in the same strain (the italics are mine): "From the very beginning, together with things themselves, their Maker was brought into notice, for they were produced *with the intention that God might thereby be known*. . . . Nor do they owe this knowledge of God to any books of Moses: for the soul exists before prophecy. From the very beginning the soul's consciousness is the gift of God, and it is the same amongst Egyptians, and Syrians, and inhabitants of Pontus. God will never be hid; God will never be wanting; He will ever be understood, He will always be heard." It is worth noticing that Tertullian goes out of his way to state that the knowledge of God was due to reason alone, without aid from the books of Moses—that is, without the aid of Revelation. Finally, St. Gregory the Great, commenting on these words of Job,‡ "All men see him, each one beholds him afar off," says that every man by the fact of being by nature rational must conclude that his Maker is God. Him we may be said to see, inasmuch as the intellect points to the marks of his empire in the world around us. We see Him from afar now, because we only see Him in his works; when the curtain is raised, and we are quit of this frame, we shall see Him face to face. Over and above that knowledge of God which comes from close reflection and accurate reasoning, the Fathers, if we accept the extracts referred to as a fair sample of their teaching, speak of a certain shadowy and more imperfect knowledge implanted in the hearts of all who have not choked the utterance of reason. This apprehension, dim and imperfect at the beginning, springs from the very principles of our nature. It is not acquired by study; it precedes it. We may style it the characteristic, the inheritance of a rational being. Franzelin* quotes from the Fathers such expressions as the following: "Knowledge learnt from nature without any teaching; a natural foreboding (*anticipatio*) of the mind; reason, alike in all, leading us as by its first law to God from the creatures that are seen." Accordingly the Fathers hold that from no people, civilized or barbarous, is the idea of a Supreme Being hidden. Everywhere God is felt in the outer world by his works, in the inner life of man by the dictates of conscience, which appeal to Him as their Supreme Arbiter and their Supreme Sanction. One thing is to deny that God exists, another to believe your own assertion. Scripture says the fool said in his heart there was no God. But was he sincere? I think not. Even if sincere, he was a fool. St. Augustine makes an exception, as I have admitted above, for those few so sunk in vice as to have lost all sense of One to whom sin is so

* De Resurrectione Carnis, cap. ii.
† Lib. i, cap. 10. ‡ Job xxxvi, 25.

* De Deo.

hateful. But then they must have drunk down vice to the very dregs. Add to this, they must be also illiterate. An educated man, a victim to every excess and a slave to every passion, can blot out with much greater difficulty, if at all, the memory of God. Education is the maturing of the intellect; the more ripe its powers, the more will reason follow its natural instinct by seeing its Lord in the symmetry of the sciences, in the design of the universe, in the providential arrangement of season and climate, or in the characters and events that crowd the pages of history. As the mind is naturally made to yearn after and to hold truth when found, so, repeat the Fathers, does it naturally seek for God, from whom all truth comes. If a consensus of scientific men claims respectful submission on a point of science, we can at least demand a like share of courtesy to be extended to the Fathers even by those outside the Church. Their writings are the outcome of long years of study and meditation, and many, if not all, were the intellectual giants of their day.

It is, then, the common teaching of Fathers and of theologians that the mind turns to God as the sunflower to the sun, or as naturally as the magnet points to the north. In forming some idea of God from creatures, we are in much the same position as a man who sees on a wall merely the shadow of a body: from the shadow he learns the existence of the object. The idea of a body thus formed can be true, although imperfect, even though it does not represent any of the qualities of the body which a shadow as such is unable to give. Creatures, in so far as they are active, intelligent, powerful, and endowed with the faculty of will, imply that these qualities exist in much nobler form in God, just as beauty and symmetry of form exist much more truly in the body than the shadow. I cling to this illustration, for no word is oftener used by approved writers than *adumbrare* when they speak of creatures representing God. Nor can there be much difficulty in the mind having some notion of the infinite, for it sees imperfections in things around, and it can without very great strain conceive some Being without flaw; but to be without blemish is to be absolutely perfect—absolute perfection and infinity mean the same. The process of arguing from contingent things to the first cause is so easy, that all nations have owned the existence of some Supreme Being, although about his nature and perfections they have been largely misled. For although from the effect we gather the cause, the nature of the cause is not at once learnt from the effect. Men see a variety of effects from the same cause, and different causes produce like effects. Heathen nations have erred about the nature, while they acknowledge the existence of some Supreme Being.

Even Christian races, while possessing some notion of the true God from reason, would assuredly go astray in their investigation unless helped by God's own word. In the Dogmatic Constitution *Dei Filius*,* the Vatican Council teaches that a perfectly true and accurate knowledge of many things which fall *per se* within the compass of reason, God's existence and nature amongst the number, cannot be had by all "with firm certainty" without the blessing of Revelation. The causes are clear. Truth about a being, infinite, incomprehensible, such as we know God to be, needs time and much study, which many are unwilling to give. Did they use all diligence, partly from defect of education, or from the miseries incidental to our state, the efforts of very many would be unsuccessful. Revelation is not *absolutely* necessary for the attainment of the truths to which I allude, nor even morally necessary

* Cap. ii.

for this or that individual, but it is *morally* necessary for a great number of men, who are bound to know certain truths, not of themselves above the reach of reason. Without the help of Revelation many would not face, much less overcome, these difficulties, which impede man in his endeavors to form in his mind an image of his Maker, "free from all mixture of error," as the Council speaks. Revelation teaches us at once to know, to love, and to serve God. The logical process that leads to God presupposes an acquaintance with many other subjects. Although eventually clear and true ideas of Him would dawn upon the mind, yet years might pass before it gained that true acquaintance with Him and his divine prerogatives which his love and our needs alike demand. St. Thomas says* that many would be robbed of the knowledge of God, such as He requires even in the natural order, were it not for faith. As human reason without a guide often misses its way, therefore God's own word is necessary that men in general may know, free from every shade of doubt, those things of God which are not above human reason. How could the poor and the ignorant, whose struggle is for bread, ever gain, amid the tormenting cares of life, that true knowledge of God and the moral duties of their state, even in the natural order, without a divine teacher? This admission in no sense weakens my argument. For reason, like other powers, depends for its exercise on certain conditions. It is weakened and cramped by sickness, by the pinching of want, by bad associations, by sorrow, by anxiety of mind. God takes pity on its weakness, and by his own word supplies its shortcomings. Before Revelation ignorance and misbelief speed away. Reason is the twilight, Revelation the blaze of noon.

I have referred above to that belief in some Supreme Being, as seen in the rites, sacrifices, prayers, institutions of priesthood, which in some shape or other are found among all nations. Mr. Gladstone thinks the Zeus of the *Iliad* shares in some of the characteristics of the Deity. "Zeus," says Mr. Gladstone, in the *Juventus Mundi*, "in many points inherits the tradition, and is formed upon the conception *of the one and Supreme God.* He is the source of governing authority.* He is the distributer in general of good and evil. He is himself a source of destiny, as we find from the remarkable phrase, *Διὸς αἶσα*—the fate proceeding from Zeus." The strongest ground for the admission of some supreme Disposer and Lord is found in the fact that those who refuse to own the God of the Christian are forced to set up some idol in his place. Even the would-be philosophers of the day, who have no words strong enough to mark their scorn for the religious convictions of their neighbors, are forced in the end to set as the goal of man's aspirations the prospect of aiding in "the glorious future of the race." A visionary Utopia and a godless creed may indeed serve for the young, the healthy, the successful in the great prizes of life. But to what are they to cling whose lot is old age, without friends and without honor, who have had to fight against poverty and ill-repute undeserved, whose only trust is in that world beyond the grave where virtue gets its due?

But it may be asked how are we, who are bound to charity in thought and word, to judge of that class of prominent writers, who either leave God's existence an open question or boldly deny it? They cannot be accused of hiding their views. A publicity is given to them which would not have been tolerated forty years ago. They give the lie to all the greatest names in English literature, who often speak lovingly, or at least respectfully of God. For

* 2. 2. q. 2. a. 4.

* Iliad, xvi, 387.

them the church spire, that crowns every landscape, has no meaning. Their hearts are moved to no tender thoughts by the cross that marks the quiet resting-place of the dead. With such evidence, natural and revealed, staring these educated men in the face, I must consider their sentiments as the *result* of wilful perversion. In their case, *stat pro ratione voluntas.* But we need not be astonished. A short time before St. Paul wrote, the Wisdom of the Father came on earth, and went amongst men. His daily mission was to do good. He said he was God, but the world would not believe Him. Then He appealed to miracles as the test of his divinity. But men shook their heads, and turned from the beauty of his face, and were deaf to the music of his voice. They said He was mad and beside himself, and that He had a devil. As God was victorious then in spite of the Jews, so will He conquer now in spite of "modern thought." A few years hence the wrangle of philosophers will cease, their names will be told in pity or derision, and then, as now, for those who care to look, the earth will be full of God's glory.

But if outward things loudly proclaim their Maker, there is a voice from within that speaks powerfully and persuasively of God when it rules and regulates the acts of men. Differing widely in temper, constitution, language, race, climate, all are found to agree in condemning or upholding certain leading principles of conduct. I grant the number of such principles to be very few indeed; but even one moral maxim of general acceptance would be enough to prove my point. For if man by the sole light of reason sees that he is bound to avoid certain actions, he must also see that this obligation is binding on every rational creature. And if reason acknowledges an obligation to be eternal and universal, the Lawgiver must have been from everlasting, and must claim universal sway. The knowledge of a law binding all men in certain things implies at least some dim, confused knowledge of its Maker. The acknowledgment of an obligation is a confession of dependence, and if reason shows man the necessity of obeying such and such a precept, it must also point as its warrant to some superior who has a claim on man's obedience. For a free being refuses to obey unless when he sees a claim on his submission. And since reason perceives this moral law of universal obligation, it cannot but recognize in it some Supreme Lord, to whom supreme homage is due. St. Paul says* that the "Gentiles, by the same light of reason which showed them God in the things that He made, admitted also a moral law coming from God: "Cum justitiam Dei cognovissent, quod qui talia agunt, digni sunt morte, non solum ea faciunt, sed etiam consentiunt facientibus." With the Black Country in its worse than semi-barbarous state staring me in the face, I am not likely to deny that crime, and passion and bad surroundings can so blend all notions of right and wrong that it seems hard to find even one moral truth to which the human heart will pledge its fealty. But this does not in the least tell against my argument. If men steeped in sin do not see their Maker in the works of his hands, neither will they in the moral law. Even in those whom we call savages the natural law still lives, urging, forbidding, advising, commanding.

"If any one," writes St. Thomas,† "reared in the woods among animals were to follow the guidance of natural reason in seeking after good and avoiding evil, we must most certainly hold that God would reveal to him by internal inspiration the things which he is bound to believe, or would send a missioner to instruct him." In the first part of this quotation the saint says that unaided

* Romans i, 32.
† De Veritate, q. 14, a. 11 ad 1.

nature can obey and therefore know the moral law, and thus win from God that supernatural knowledge necessary to man in his present state. I have already said that the inward promptings to follow certain lines of conduct imply some hazy, confused knowledge of that Source whence all law comes. For it is possible to have a clear, distinct, accurate knowledge of a moral obligation without a clear and distinct, although not without some indistinct knowledge of God. For I cannot be clearly convinced that I am bound to do a certain act without knowing why. If the reason of an action be unknown to myself, its obligation ceases to be clear to me. But this sense of obligation in the first principles of the natural law, of which I am now speaking, necessarily includes some notion of a Supreme Being, with control over me, whose wish should be the rule of my conduct. "If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear."* Just as the Fathers call that knowledge of God *immediate* and innate, because it springs up without an effort in the mind from the sight of the world around us, so does reason in the law written on the heart see the hand of Him who wrote it. Duty and obligation are relative terms, implying the existence, so to speak, of debtor and creditor. The duties of man are, then, moral relations. They alone are moral agents who have freewill, and the desire to perform a moral duty follows on the light the intellect gives to the will. The morality of an act is its conformity with the natural law. Take any action: we say and feel that it is good if it be in keeping with the counsels of reason. But can we stop here? What claim has reason to control us? Whence does it draw its right to sovereignty? When it bids man follow such and such a course, does it not also indicate that this path guides the creature towards its end? An order implies dependence; and, as I said before, this notion of dependence necessarily forces itself on the mind after a little reflection, leading to Him on whom all things lean. Nor is this voice ever silent. It is constantly speaking in praise and blame. The very difficulty felt in opposing reason is the strongest sign that reason is the warning voice of a higher Power, and that it is not itself supreme. A monarch has no scruple in breaking a law made by himself. If man be the measure of all things, why should he not satisfy every desire, indulge every fancy? Why should he ever curb the cravings of passion, if there be no law that forbids excess? Why should the pangs of remorse be forever wringing his heart? Within its own sphere, I freely admit that reason may be considered supreme. Within its narrow range it is the representative of God. It is his likeness, and shares in the virtues of its great original. If it be infallible in the apprehension of certain truths that appertain to belief and to conduct, its inerrancy is but a share in that unswerving measure of right and wrong, the Eternal Reason, for the type is the shadow of the antitype. The verdict of reason and conscience will be ratified on that last day, says St. Paul, when God will judge the hearts of men. I hardly know if it be possible to exalt reason higher than to make it the measure of the good and evil in a natural act. But this goodness is limited and imperfect; the intellect seeks and the will yearns for some higher standard of excellence, for human nature refuses to believe it is the end of all things. Again, a sin against the natural law has all the properties of sin. But there can be no sin, properly so called, without breaking an order known to come

* Grammar of Assent, p. 106.

in some way from God. Hence the first principles of justice and right imply at least some confused knowledge of God, else conscience cannot upbraid us with their violation. But against what has been said it may be urged that on my statement the existence of the moral obligation is clear, whereas on the other hand the evidence of the Legislator's existence is incomplete. Why, therefore, cannot a clear and distinct moral obligation with a legislator indistinctly known, when I have already a legislator in right reason immediately and distinctly urging the principle on my acceptance, and when, moreover, reason in every man lays down the same course of conduct? To this I answer: Reason dictates clearly what is evil and what is good, not as a legislator but as a herald who makes known the law. I fully grant every action to be bad that is against the mandate of right reason. But the very epithet *right* implies reference to some measure of conduct different from itself. You have no right to trespass on my property—that is, your intrusion is against the law of the land, in this case the measure of your conduct. How can any one except an infinite being whose perfections are infinite oblige himself? How explain that we cannot by any amount of arguing persuade ourselves that that is right which we feel to be wrong, if reason be itself the law, and not merely the voice of a higher power making known the law? This knowledge of a legislator, although imperfect, is enough to bind the conscience so firmly that its violation gives me trouble and pain. Who would dread any bad effects from an act unless he were responsible to some higher power? No legislator fears to change his own enactments: he that makes can also unmake a law.

But this paper would be incomplete without some reference to the connection between truth as known to man and the existence of God. I am very far indeed from holding that this proof is either as easy or as solid as that from the outward world, to which Scripture and the fathers appeal. I think the proof is in itself convincing, although few have time, and fewer still inclination, to study its bearings. Truth, as Catholic writers understand it, is the agreement between the intellect and the thing known. Truth is a relation, and depends in existence and duration on the terms it involves. Truths may be regarded as certain results which the essences of things bring about. In a right-angled triangle the square of the hypothenuse equals the sum of the squares of the sides containing a right angle. The existence of a triangle is contingent, and in time; certain relations between its parts are necessarily intelligible, and eternal. I cannot conceive a right-angled triangle under any other conditions. Reason assures me that if I did not exist or recognize this truth, it would still be true without me. I cannot conceive a state of things where what is now true would be false. I am well aware that Mr. Mill equivalently says in his *Logic* that a whole is greater than a part in this sphere, but that for aught he knows it may not be so in other spheres. The reply is, *securus judicat orbis terrarum.* Of course with such a code of belief it is impossible to prove the existence of God. Whenever you try for a foundation the sands shift beneath your feet. The wide world differs from Mr. Mill. Out of twenty-five millions of Englishmen, how many think that in Jupiter or Saturn a part is greater than the whole? The fact is said to be evident, that is, it is so clear that I cannot close my eyes to the light, I cannot help seeing. But if this truth, a whole is greater than its part, be necessary, independent of time, place, man's existence; if it has been true for ages before the world was, by what being has this truth been realized? Truth has

reference to an intellect; if a thing be eternally true, it has also been eternally intelligible; an object eternally intelligible without an intellect seems to me a contradiction. You can multiply without end things that are intelligible. Everything possible is thereby intelligible, and the range of possibility is limited only by objects in themselves contradictory. I say, then, that all these infinite, intelligible things must have somehow a dwelling-place and a home. They cannot rest in mid-air. There must be an intelligent being existing from everlasting, in whom these countless truths meet in a focus. The principle of causation applied to the physical order leads us to God, and transferred to the ideal proves His existence. In our minds truth is not as in God. We only know, at least directly, the created order of truth; it needs a reflex action to lead us to truth who knows no beginning. In God truth is identical with His substance. If His essence be the source of all being, so the divine intellect in its infinite grasp of that essence is the source of all truth. The knowledge of mathematical and necessary truths in God is drawn from the contemplation of His essence. Man, on the contrary recognizes these truths in created things, or at most in some object formed by the mind, which has its origin in sensible experience.

Mental truth results from the knowledge of distinct objects; in the Divine mind the knowledge of His own essence as the source of all being implies the knowledge of all truth. The eye cannot see two points in space without at the same time perceiving the intervening distance, and it is equally impossible that all mathematical, necessary truths, and the like should be excluded from the knowledge which the Divine intellect has of the share that creatures can have in His essence. Infinite being possesses infinite truth, finite being finite truth. As from the finite effects in creation we ascend to the primeval cause, as yet veiled from sight, even so, says Liberatore, in his beautiful work *Conoscenza Intellettuale*, do truths which the mind has made its own suffice to prove the existence of substantial truth their fountain-head and origin. Truth has reference to being. And if all things point upward, animate and inanimate, towards the throne of God, truth for its ultimate verdict calls on Him. For everything that exists is true. St. Augustine* gives this simple definition, *verum videtur esse id quod est.* The source of all being must then be the source of all truth, for truth is a property of being. As God is the model of all goodness and beauty, so is He of all truth. It must have a cause, a pattern, somewhere. Nothing comes from nothing. Either what we apprehend is substantial truth itself, or it must lead the mind mediately or immediately to one, at whose feet the eager intellect rests. Those who are familiar with that golden book, the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, will remember how the saint loves to meditate on the relations that exist between objects in the physical and moral order; how he searches, as he best can, into the essences of things, only to rise from them to the eternal reasons, the cause, not the object, of all knowledge. He asks why the beauty of celestial and terrestrial objects rivets his gaze? why he can judge soundly on all that is changing here? and then he sees the unchangeable eternity of truth above the shifting thoughts of the mind. From the contemplation of the reasoning faculty he rises to that unchanging light, which shines over the souls of men. He has learnt that the unchanging must be preferred to the changeable. Therefore he admits some knowledge of the unchangeable. Unless it had in

* Solioq., lib. ii, cap. iii.

some way been known, he could not, he says, have preferred it to the changeable. As the saint adds, with the flash of one trembling glance from the contemplation of truth he arrived at that which is, "And then I saw thy invisible things understood by the things that are made."* St. Augustine's argument, clad, so to speak, in a mystic garb, and enriched by the coloring of a poet's fancy, is in reality the stock proof from causation. He sees that he understands eternal and necessary truth, and asks, who gave the soul the faculty of understanding, and where is laid the foundation of all unchanging truth? Thence by easy transitions he ascends, until his flight is checked by the contemplation of the Divine intellect, the measure and cause of all created truth. The unvarying maxims of virtue, the dicta of saints and sages, the words of wisdom that strengthen youth and hallow old age, when sifted by the severe rules of logic, are found to be independent of time, place, and person, and consequently lead to One who is wisdom, truth, and holiness. That one sovereign act of intellection, whereby God fathoms the depths of his own essence, embraces each and all of those varied truths which in the minds of men or angels dimly reflect the everlasting light of truth, which is in Him. As surely as the earth and the heavens are faithful witnesses to that creative action which summoned them from nothing into being, so does every branch of truth remind us of a Divine intellect, which is its shelter and origin.

The eternity of truth, as recognized by man, has in God a real existence, Were it not for Him, there would be no foundation for its eternity. Without an intellect that has been forever, there would be no necessary truth, and in Him alone truth is eternal. *Nihil est magis æternum*, says St. Augustine, than *Ratio circuli et duo et tria esse quinque.* And St. Thomas adds in explanation,* *Ratio circuli et du et tria esse quinque habent æternicatem in mente divina.* And the mind mounts from truth seen on earth to its source, resting-place, and true home in God.

I have now dwelt on the proofs, from God's existence in the three orders, physical, moral, and ideal, using in each case the argument from causation which the Vatican Decree suggests. The subject is hedged round with difficulties. These it is not my wish either to hide or to underrate. I believe all can, by merely using their reason, have at least some indistinct knowledge of their Maker; I believe that reason with its unaided strength can, after much labor, pains, and thought, gain a clearer and more perfect knowledge of God; but I hold that for a great part of our race, half blinded by prejudice, ignorance, and crime, whose minds, entirely engrossed with the present, heed not a future life, a knowledge of God, completely free from error, is practically impossible without Revelation.

* Confess., lib. vii, cap. xxiii (Oxford translation).

* 1. q. 16, a. 7.

POOR CHRISTINE.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I REMEMBER it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the porch there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great gray sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft and capital and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of these guineas, and this summer, because in striving after such early wages he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them, at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, towards which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gayly returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and wheresoever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long-sought, long-unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching-board and all his materials for drawing with him, and, holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of everything about him distracted him so at first, that a few days had passed before he could do anything but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before, at length, he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two, attracted by curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked,

and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward, before he turned homewards, to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her, the great, high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure, too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young, bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scatheless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself, suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unsaddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked,

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur, every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it!" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "O no, monsieur; I know everybody who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of *me*," Frank said good-humoredly; "for I shall be here every day, I dare say, for the next two or three weeks."

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awestruck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I have got on a little further with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half-pitying smile, and said,

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered, quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them, though they *are* dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammer striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all *was* so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply, "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer, I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes, I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the Blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years, and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said, "Good-by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the

day, that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough gentleman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there, it is ten o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at ten o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work, too. By the way, I wonder—O, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of *me?*" and the girl blushed with sudden half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls—"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather have you," he interrupted her, bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half away, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur, but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses, too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know, I have a mother, too, and I work for her? We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur," she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do anything else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence she said, simply and earnestly:

"It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living, harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with many a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and —"But even me,—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine

comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than Frenchwomen's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said, smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm gray summer day, windless and sunless, yet with a softened brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and as his sketch went on and bit by bit he seized and made a possession for himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked so well yet upon no other day; he had been so happy upon no other; all life seemed so full of gladness to him, and *his* life especially, his glorious painter's life, so great and noble. He had no genius probably, this boy Frank Liston; but his cheek could burn and his heart could beat with the love of all noble things. He never made the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it *almost* seemed as if the power was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day, amongst the many things that had made him happy, one thing had been the presence of Christine. A bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl, real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad, but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was; he knew as he sat at work that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers; the girl whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-porch, and the boy, whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough, to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the gray, sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make anything of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind that; I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily—for by nature she was no lover of silence, but could chatter and chirp like any bird—that she often altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was

finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why shouldn't she see it?" he asked. "Let us take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then—" he paused and looked at the little picture tenderly. "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it, I will make a copy of it for her."

"Oh, monsieur is too good!" But the color flushed up into her face with pleasure.

"I shall like to make a copy, and you know it would be unfair not to give you one; so that's settled. And now, will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

They had, before this, had more than one walk together. She knew the old town well, and on several evenings, after the cathedral doors were closed, they had rambled side by side for a little while about the streets, searching out the old houses that he loved, or had lingered, young and hopeful as they were, to look in at bright shop-windows. But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought—until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterwards, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three, so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were, draw to each other? He could never tell, could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterwards, could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women, women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamt of the height or depth of anything in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt, could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once, in the old, dead days of his

early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretaigne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps *she* kept him more than all beside; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely at those sketches of his, those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for everything around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southwards across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learnt both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her; he would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hilltop, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"Oh, Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here

again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to *me*," she answered, softly. "*You* will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but I shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "monsieur," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said, presently. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget *me*, Christine; but I shall remember *you* to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone, but to remember? When I come back here, can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother, can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think *you* will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream; while *we*—" with a passionate gesture that he did not see, she clasped her hands, and uttered her last words with a broken sob, "Monsieur, when *we* lose you, we lose our daily bread!"

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped hers in it.

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times," he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the courtyard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten

minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterwards forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half audibly,

"Christine!"

"Monsieur!" she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told this story, standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now."

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment amongst the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half sadly. "We cannot put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we would rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music towards them through the door.

"We are losing the Mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, as the gorgeous music was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle, and joined the kneeling throng.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I TAKE not oracles of life
From bounding pulse or writhing vein;
From the arena's dusty strife;
From thought or fancy, joy or pain.
I trust no more the senses five;
My heart demands a subtler sign,
And only then is sure I live
When it can tell me I am thine.

'Tis not to mirrors sought by stealth
I sue for proofs of manly grace;
I do not gather signs of health
From forehead smooth and ruddy face;
I care no more to gauge the swell
Of lungs within a heaving chest;
If my heart tell me all is well—
My heart and thou—I leave the rest.

It is not from the flying leap;
The well thewed limb of might and length;
The voice, like Stentor's, loud and deep—
'Tis not from these I prove my strength.
I reck no more of outward show,
Whilst powers unseen to me belong;
Alcides' self might fear a blow
When thy love bids me to be strong.

I do not count my hoarded gold
Till even the growing fingers tire;
I reckon not the mines I hold:
The jewels and the stones of fire.
I do not tell my gems of art,
Nor treasures of the land and sea;
I cast out all to fill my heart
With more than Crœsus' wealth in thee.

I do not ask the painless day,
The unconscious night and dreamless sleep,
The song, the dance, the shifting play,
The dearer joys that bid me weep—
Not these I ask, in doubtful tone,
If they will deign my life to bless;
Why mock their weakness? thou alone
The secret hast of happiness.

When I would know if cloudless light
And golden weather bless the day;
If gentleness brood o'er the night,
And all but peace is far away:

I do not ask if storms are fled;
If sun or moon is bright the while:
All things are gathered to a head—
I question only, Dost thou smile?

I do not ask my halting mind
If I am witty or am wise;
If I am pitiful or kind;
Or gallant in a thousand eyes.
I reck not of the world without;
I would not my own judgment prove;
My heart resolves me of my doubt:
I am all these if thou dost love.

With soul as Vestal's fair and pure;
With heart like Sappho's in a flame;
Both in one tender word secure,
Upon thy tablets write my name.
And near it write this burning plea:
Half of my life is, to be thine;
Trembles the other half with thee—
The other half—that thou art mine!

THREE DAYS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

We had finished our simple repast. My old friend put aside her cup and leaned back in her chair with a pleasant smile. I rose and rang the bell, and when the servant had cleared our tea-table I sat down in a comfortable rocking-chair and suffered my eyes again to wander round the well-known, neat and tastefully furnished room. It was elegant and simple, without a trace of pretension; it was like its mistress, who with her snow-white hair and her dear loving eyes sat opposite to me in silence, and watched my looks with a smile. My regards wandered from the old family pictures on the walls to the writing-table with its drawers and compartments, then to the work-table in the window, and then to another smaller table covered with books and periodicals, till it finally rested upon a little box near me.

"What is my little inquisitive looking for?" said the old lady, as she kindly took my hand.

"It is so pleasant here; so different from what it is in other houses. I am never so comfortable as when I am with you, Aunt Lydia," I replied, bestowing on her a title which was warranted by no relationship, but which only sprang from my affection. "But," I said, suddenly, as my eyes again rested, as if by accident, on the box by my side, "what am I thinking of? Did you not promise me that I should rummage over your treasures to-day?"

My old friend nodded her assent, and I ran joyfully to bring the box a little nearer. I continued for a while to turn over its contents, sometimes drawing forth a stone with initials engraven on it, sometimes a miniature set in pearls, and Aunt Lydia had always some recol-

lection of a deceased friend in connection with each. Suddenly, on my touching a spring, a partition gave way and a hollow place appeared in the cover of the box, from which fell a packet, tied with a faded ribbon. Triumphant at this new discovery, I looked at Aunt Lydia; her head was bowed and her hands held out in a deprecatory manner. I was shocked, and endeavored to repair my thoughtlessness by closing the box and endeavoring to place it aside; but she would not allow this—she took it herself, and drew forth the packet, the covering of which she removed with her own trembling hands.

There was a bunch of withered violets, and a painting on cardboard which gave such an exact representation of those violets in their former freshness that you felt inclined to raise them from the paper; a plain gold ring, and some faded letters.

"How lovely!" I exclaimed, as my eyes rested on the painting. "Who could have painted that beautiful group?"

A sad smile passed over the face of my old friend as she answered: "I painted them when I was a happy girl of eighteen."

A gentle sigh and the trembling of her lips showed me that she suffered.

"The sight of these things makes you sad," I exclaimed. "We will shut them up again."

"Sad?" she replied. "No, not sad—the remembrance of many happy hours is in connection with these things, and if time and sorrow have made the fair hopes of the past like to that bunch of flowers, the recollection of them is as fresh and bright as is that little painting by my hand."

I ventured not to ask, and yet how gladly I would have heard the story of that treasure. My old friend seemed to read my heart.

"Now, Elsie," she said, "would you like to turn over some of the pages of the past? Will you live with me through the three days, the remembrance of which is so vividly recalled by the sight of those violets?"

My only reply was to press a kiss on the forehead of the dear old lady. I placed myself on a stool at her knees, and leaning back in her chair and shading her eyes with her hand, she began her story as she only could tell it:

It is a beautiful spring day. The sun is in his meridian splendor, and fills the air with light and heat. The birds sing joyously on the flowery branches, the butterflies pass from flower to flower, the mayflies dance up and down, brightness is over everything.

A girl is sitting at the window of a handsome house, which opens into the garden; she may be eighteen or nineteen years old. A pure and innocent heart and the freshness of youth are all the charms which she has to boast of. But in the eyes of the world she adds to these a name of some renown and a handsome fortune. The little figure in the bow-window, who is so intent upon one of La Fouqué's tales that she forgets almost everything else, is a rich heiress. She has the misfortune to be an orphan. The tall pale lady on the sofa and the gentleman hidden behind the newspaper are the maiden's only relatives, and since she returned from school with them has been her home. Well for her that her happy disposition, her luxurious surroundings, and the dawn of a feeling which sheds brightness around it, had not yet permitted her to awake to the consciousness that she was suffering from the want of that love which can be bestowed upon us only by our parents.

"Now, Lydia," said the lady, as she placed her lap-dog, the plaything of her idle hours, on the sofa, "have you considered Edward Harvey's proposal?"

Lydia looked up and shook back her dark locks. "But, aunt, I have already said that I do not love Mr. Harvey, and I will not marry him."

"But it would be such a good match," continued the lady as her husband nodded his head approvingly. "What can you have to say against Edward Harvey? He is young, handsome, amiable."

"He is the most amiable man in the world," broke in Lydia, quickly, "but I feel like a stone towards him." With these words she again took up her book and was soon so deep in its contents that she gave no further attention to the conversation of her relatives, which immediately turned on the income and property of Edward Harvey. From time to time a look wandered from her book to the clock on the mantelpiece which now indicated ten minutes past twelve.

A servant entered the room and informed her that Mr. Valery had come.

Lydia laid aside her book; she left the room, and crossing a small hall entered a kind of studio dedicated to her use.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, Mr. Valery," she said, as she advanced towards a young man, who with a countenance which bore all the expression of genius, was bending over an easel.

"No, lady," he said as he bowed and fixed his eyes on the maiden. "I have added a stroke to the light just here, and am pleased to see how well you have succeeded with your violets. There is hardly any difference in the color," he added as he threw a bunch of flowers on the table which he had worn in his buttonhole.

"Indeed? Then you are pleased with me, Mr. Valery? This is the first time that you have given me a word of commendation. I am accustomed to read your approbation only in your looks."

She looked up smilingly to her teacher, whose manly face was deeply suffused. Was it this or was it the words that he spoke that brought the color to Lydia's face also?

"I have admired your talent in silence, lady," he said, "but now when it shows itself yet more strikingly, I am obliged to allow what you yourself must be aware of—that your talent far exceeds that of the greater number of amateurs."

"Thank you," replied the girl, kindly offering him her hand; "you cannot think what pleasure your words give me; I love art, and the hours I spend over my easel are the happiest of my life."

"It is well for you that your fortunate position protects you from the curse of being obliged to make art a profession with which to fight against sorrow and suffering. May the sun shine upon your path to the end," he added as he placed a chair for Lydia at the easel, and began to prepare the colors which she was to lay on under his inspection,

"What can be the matter? You are quite solemn and almost ill-humored to-day. Let us be merry. Cannot I succeed in driving away those clouds from your brow?"

Valery made no answer; he only shook his head, offered his pupil her palette, and took his place behind her chair.

A pause ensued in which nothing was heard but the twittering of the birds, and the splashing of the fountain before the window.

Valery at last broke the silence. "Pardon me," he said, "these shadows must be rather deeper—right—now a little more light here, the transition is too sudden. Allow me." With these words he took the pencil from her hand and began to make the improvement himself, Lydia meanwhile leaning back in her chair.

As he rose and returned her the pencil, "Have you been forbidden to speak?" she asked; "I cannot bear to see you so silent and sad."

Valery sighed. "There is a weight

upon my heart like lead. And yet the beautiful things before me should only make me glad." He turned towards the window with these words and looked into the sunny garden before it. Lydia felt her fingers tremble; she looked towards Valery in silent expectation as he turned away from the window, and she saw the expression of sorrow in his eyes.

"My departure is fixed; this must be our last lesson," he said softly, his voice trembling with emotion.

Lydia's heart seemed to stand still, and then beat with such violence that it almost deprived her of breath.

"So it has really come," she said, hardly mistress of her voice. "You are going to Italy, to the land of your longings and your dreams. I did not expect that it would be so soon. I congratulate you with all my heart," she added as she offered him her hand, but not daring to look up lest he should observe the tears that hung upon her eyelashes.

Valery took the little trembling hand and raised it to his lips.

Lydia withdrew her hand and looked down on it; she could not yet venture to raise her eyes, for the veil of tears which obscured them had become still thicker.

There was a painful silence. Neither ventured to speak, and yet the heart of each was full even to bursting. At last Lydia, who had not yet learned to control her feelings, hid her face in both hands and gave free course to her tears. Valery remained near her pale and immovable.

The stillness around her at last brought her to her senses. What had she done? Had she not wept like a child for one who only would laugh at her. What must Mr. Valery think of her? She quickly dried her tears as she said, "I am a great baby. Pardon me. Now I am calm again."

As she looked up she saw that there were tears also in the eyes of him she was addressing. A feeling of joy shot through her at this sight. Much that had passed in her own heart, and Valery's behavior to her, became suddenly clear. She knew now what made art, what made life so dear to her; but she knew also that it would be dark night around her when she should no more see the tall manly form, nor hear the dear honest voice.

Valery looked at her sorrowfully, and pain and pleasure contended wildly in his heart. He appeared as if about to speak, and then his lips again closed. At last he spoke quickly, like one who is flying from temptation. "We must separate," he said; "I can no longer continue your instructor after to-day. Farewell; may heaven protect us both!"

He would have hastened to the door, but Lydia stood before him.

"Separate, separate, Mr. Valery!" she exclaimed. "Separate now? Can you think of it?"

Valery hid his face in both hands, and said slowly and softly, "Separate, separate! Yes, we must be strong." And then he added, with the energy of despair, "How can I, the poor unknown artist, aspire to the hand of the rich and noble heiress. It would be madness to think of it. We must separate, lady, such a union is impossible."

Lydia still stood before him with her hands clasped.

"It might be," she said.

Valery had become still paler. "You break my heart," he said at last. "Could I so abuse the confidence placed in me by your relatives? Can I reconcile it with my honor or even with my love to unite you, to whom the whole world lies open, to my dark and uncertain fate? Might not the day come in which you would repent of the sacrifice which you had made so willingly in the first overflow of your feelings?"

Again Lydia looked up at him.

Great tears flowed slowly down his cheeks, then she turned away.

"Farewell, Mr. Valery, those are hard, unkind words. I pardon you, for you know not the pain they give me."

The young man looked after her as with trembling steps she returned to her easel and with nervous haste put her painting materials in order. He had a hard battle to fight. At last he said softly, and with deep feeling, "Lydia, Lydia, will you be mine?"

My old friend stopped. She leaned her head on her hand and seemed lost in thought; at last she continued.

So they were engaged. Lydia would allow herself no thought of Valery's unequal position. She told him that she was alone in the world, that in two years she should be of age, and that then she should publicly declare her engagement.

In one thing the young artist was resolute—they should not write to each other during the two years he would pass in Italy. Lydia was too young; she did not sufficiently know her own heart; he would not allow her to consider herself bound to him.

"Here," he said, when Lydia at last had consented to his wishes, "we will divide this bunch of violets into two parts. If, dear Lydia, you should ever feel that the sacrifice you have this day made is too much for you, then send these flowers back to me. You shall have no word of reproach; I shall submit to my fate without bitterness, and the remembrance of this sweet hour will be a balsam to my wounds. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes, Valery, if you will make me the same promise. I have no difficulty on my part; our poor violets will make no journey; but our thoughts, Valery! Will you not often think of this hour? And of me?" she added.

"As long as I live and breathe," answered the young artist.

It was evening. Lydia stood looking dreamily from the window. The moon shed her silver rays upon the dark shrubs of the garden, while the gravel-walk shone like white bands. Thousands of stars twinkled in the heavens. The crickets chirped in the grass, and there, behind that rose-bush, a nightingale was pouring forth her melody. One light after another was extinguished in the neighborhood, till only a lamp was left burning in the window of the roof over there.

And now the window was opened, and Lydia heard through the sweet May air a strain of music which first attracted her attention, and then in a sweet, rich voice the words of a parting song. The song ceased, the light had long been extinguished, while Lydia still knelt by the window and wished a thousand times "good-night" to the singer from her overflowing heart.

Again the narrator stopped. She leaned back in her chair and gazed in deep thought upon the wall which, with the pictures that hung on it, was now gilded by the evening light, as if she was reading in its tracery the story of her heart. Then she heaved a deep sigh, took my hand in hers, and continued her story.

It was a different life at the little German Bath, where we find Lydia after the lapse of one short year. Her relatives lived in the world, but she had a world of her own; other thoughts, other wishes quite different from those of the joyous, laughing world by which she was surrounded. She could not expect much affection from her guardian and his superficial, but good-natured wife, but for this very reason they left her the freedom she so greatly prized. And so it came to pass that while her relatives were completely absorbed by the claims of society, Lydia seldom took part in it, but would wander about the neighborhood for whole hours with her sketch-book, or in the evening would make long excursions on

the river under the guidance of an old sailor. There she sat at the rudder, gazing on the landscape as it became more and more obscured by the shades of evening, or looking dreamily into the waters over which she was gliding. Then, as the moon arose in the heavens and the stars lit up their crests, she thought of a distant land, a land of poetry and art, and a form arose before her whose thoughts like her own were turned with longing towards the spot where dwelt the beloved. And she dreamed of happy days when hand-in-hand with the chosen of her heart she should wander through life, and with sweet words repay him for the toils of genius, which would be dearer to him than all the renown he had gained. Then, when the boat struck the shore and she again felt the ground firm under her feet, it seemed as if the golden gates of an enchanted land had closed behind her.

On her return one day from one of these excursions she found a letter in her room with the postmark, "Italy." She opened it impatiently. A withered bunch of violets fell from it.

With a despairing cry she fell upon her bed and buried her face in the pillow.

False! Faithless! What would become of her? She felt for the first time how lonely, how empty was her life, and bitter tears flowed down her cheeks.

Sad indeed were the days she now spent. Surrounded by a happy crowd, she was alone in her sorrow. She longed to be away, quite away, in another land, among other people. Better a thousand times to suffer alone and mourn in silence.

When at the expiration of a year her guardian was about to go abroad upon business, she begged, with a morbid longing after change of place, to be allowed to accompany him, and shaking her head her aunt was willing that the extraordinary child should do so. She was so quiet, so different from other young people that she must be allowed to have her way.

It was a dismal autumn evening when they went on board. The clouds hung dark and thick over land and water, and the sea lay motionless, except that now and then a puff of sharp wind threw a wave over the ship. Wrapped in her cloak, Lydia stood on the deck watching the retreating shore. She shuddered, but it was not from the cold of the keen wind which now played in her hair. She thought of her buried hopes and her comfortless life—her spring had departed, her youth was gone. She was floating on to the wide sea of futurity, solitary and friendless.

My old friend's head was bowed down, while her hands rested in her lap. I pressed a kiss upon them and she raised herself up.

"Yes, my child," she said, "my life did not remain loveless. I have learned that he who sows love shall reap love," and she resumed her history.

Years had passed since that day; the blooming maiden had become a matron, and bright silver threads mixed with her dark locks. The sharp pain of early sorrow had given place to a softer feeling of sadness. Lydia had given her heart to no husband, but she had opened it to the human race in loving-kindness, and had found peace and consolation.

It happened that a young girl, whose fading health required a warmer climate, came to Lydia with an earnest petition that she would go with her. Lydia was quite willing, and Milan was the place of their destination. The girl's health soon improved under the mild climate and Lydia's care, and it was with pleasure that her companion remarked the daily progress of her patient towards recovery.

One day when the little party who were in the *pension* were assembled at dinner, an old gentleman told of

an affecting sight he had that day witnessed. In the attic of a house near there was a blind painter in a consumption, who, it seemed, would not live more than a few weeks. "Even now," continued the old gentleman, "the image of that man with his white hair and great sightless eyes, so sad in their eternal night, haunts me. His former circumstances cannot have been very good, judging by the poverty, in spite of the scrupulous neatness, of everything around him. There is a case for your kind heart," he said, turning to Lydia.

She nodded assentingly, as if in a dream, for she had at once decided in her heart to go and see the artist with the great sad eyes.

On the following morning—it was a bright, sunny autumn day, such as you only find in the South—the matron in deep thought slowly ascended the stairs which led to the dwelling of the blind artist. Why did her heart beat so wildly? Had she not many a time made similar visits? Wherefore this unusual emotion?

She knocked. A weak, low voice bid her enter. She opened the door softly, and seated by the open window, with the sun's rays upon his snow-white hair and high forehead, was the well-known, but oh, how altered form!

Lydia remained by the open door as if rooted to the spot. The darkened eyes turned towards her.

"Is it you, brother? Come nearer; your silence frightens me."

Lydia accepted his invitation with a trembling step. She placed her hand upon the shoulder of the blind man and said, softly, "It is I, Valery."

He rose in alarm as if to repulse the intruder. Again she spoke with a tremulous voice, "Yes, Valery, it is I—Lydia; an old friend."

A gleam of light irradiated the blind man's countenance. He clasped his hands and exclaimed, fervently, "Lydia! Lydia! my Lydia!"

With a sob Lydia sank on her knees by his side.

"How unhappy you made me," she said at last as she quietly arose.

The blind man clasped her hand in his and covered it with kisses.

"I have made you unhappy. Oh, forgive, forgive! I could not do otherwise. How full of hope I was when I journeyed to the land I longed after, and in what misery did I leave it; plunged into darkness, without a ray of hope or consolation. Oh, Lydia! when the doctor told me that my sight could never be restored, it was not poverty nor darkness that caused me such bitter tears; I wept for my art and for you. It was impossible to chain your young sunny life to my sorrow, so I sent you back the bunch of violets without a word, without a farewell, for I could not appeal to your generosity by opening to you my grief. You were young, and life lay before you; you would soon forget the faithless one. Sorrow and mourning would be my part alone."

"And did you not know that I loved you, Valery? And did you not know that a true affection never dies, never can die?"

Valery bent his head; a tear fell upon Lydia's hand.

"Forgive me, forgive me! I too have suffered deeply."

Lydia's only answer was to impress a gentle kiss on his forehead.

"But now," began Lydia, after a short pause, "I shall remain here and be your guide through the rest of your life."

"Oh yes! stay with me; it will not be for long. I have so rejoiced in the thought of exchanging this earthly darkness for the eternal light. But now—"

Lydia could not hope. She read the confirmation of his words in his sunken features, and in the short dry cough which shook his frame. She

knew that she had only found him to lose him again forever.

And so it was at the end of hardly two months. One day, after the blind man for the last time had partaken of the Blessed Sacrament, he begged Lydia to remain with him all night, he felt so ill and unusually oppressed by the sense of his blindness. Lydia remained. He slept all night as calmly as a child. Then, just as the eastern heavens began to redden, he called her to him with a weak voice.

"Give me your hand, Lydia," he said. "I think the time is near when we must separate. Thank you for all your goodness, all. And forgive me for having formerly disturbed your youth with my unhappy love. Open the window," he said, after awhile.

Lydia opened the window; the first rays of the morning sun broke through the clouds and cast their golden light on the bed of the dying man. His sightless eyes were turned towards the rising sun. Lydia sank on her knees beside him.

Then he drew a ring from his finger; it was a slight gold circle, and had been his mother's marriage ring.

"Not here, but there above shall we be united. Keep it with the violets."

Weeping bitterly, Lydia took the pledge of his affection, and sobbing, laid her head on his pillow.

"Keep it with the violets, do you hear?" he repeated. "We shall meet again. The darkness is fading away; it is getting light. Dearest, we shall—"

He sank back, and his friend finished the sentence for him: "Yes, we shall meet again."

Then she closed his eyes, and sank down in prayer by his bedside.

"After my long night of sorrow, that was my short, happy festal day. The words, 'we shall meet again,' accompany me like a song of consolation in my pilgrimage through this world to the grave. May they be changed into a hymn of joy in the heaven above."

"Amen, Aunt Lydia," I said, as I rose and kissed the dear old lady's cheek; and "Amen," she answered, "for all eternity."

AVE MARIA.

I.

THOU that once on earth didst weep!
By a broken heart's complaint,
And a pain that poisons sleep,
Mary, Mother, Queen, and Saint,
Hear me, for my wound is deep!
Aid me, for my soul is faint!

II.

Bid the darkness come and seal
Burning eyes that will not close;
Let me cease awhile to feel;
And the pangs of many woes,
And the heart thou mayest not heal,
Gentle Mother, bid repose!

BASILICA OF ST. AGNES OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ROME.

This church is situated on the Romentanna road, nearly two English miles outside the gate called Porta Pia, and the house where the parents of Saint Agnes formerly dwelt stood upon the ground it occupies.

It is needless here to enter into any detailed account of the life and martyrdom of Saint Agnes; it is well known to all Catholics how the Lady Agnes, born to wealth, endowed with talents and rare beauty, was from her earliest infancy trained by Christian parents in the Christian faith, dedicated while yet in her childhood to be the "Bride of Heaven;" how her hand was sought by one of noble birth, and how, upon her refusal, he denounced her as a Christian; how the Lady Agnes stood her trial and was condemned to tortures worse than death; how miraculously she was preserved in her fearful prison, and being brought forth on the day after this, and refusing to offer up incense to an idol, she was condemned to death; how calmly, even cheerfully, she laid her head on the block, yielding her brave spirit to Him who had given it, and so won her crown of martyrdom. All this is well known, for is not Saint Agnes the patron saint of many youthful maidens? Do we not all remember the vivid pictures of her drawn by a master hand in "Fabiola?"

Of the two churches in Rome dedicated to her memory, the one on the Piazza Rabona is built on the spot where Saint Agnes endured her fearful trial, and where she gained her martyr's crown at the early age of thirteen. That of Saint Agnes outside the walls is, as has already been mentioned, built on the ground where formerly stood a mansion belonging to her parents. After her death the body of Saint Agnes was removed by her parents to their own domain and there buried. At this tomb a few days after, poor little Emerentiana, foster sister to the Lady Agnes, who had gone out alone to pray at the grave of her beloved friend, was surprised by the soldiers, and having declared herself a Christian was at once hurried off to death.

At this spot, too, the parents of Saint Agnes, having come, in the dead of night, also to watch and pray, saw, as it were in a vision, a choir of virgins, and in the midst of them their own beloved daughter, clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, having at her side a little lamb as pure as the driven snow, and Saint Agnes having begged of the other virgins to rest an instant, said to her parents, "Weep not for me as dead, but rather rejoice for me; you see I have been received in the regions of light, and united to those whom on earth I loved with my whole soul," and having said this she passed away.

The martyrdom of Saint Agnes took place in 304, under the persecution of the emperor Diocletian. Twenty years later Constantine caused a basilica to be erected over the tomb of this saint, and this edifice, preserved to the present day in its primitive form, gives a good idea of what churches in the fourth century were like.

It was remodelled in the sixth and again in the seventh century. It is entered by a descent of forty-five steps. The walls of this staircase are covered with tablets taken from the catacombs of Saint Agnes, which join the church. Some of these tablets are entire and bear the date

of the time when they were engraved. On passing through the door at the foot of the stairs the church appears in all its beauty. It has three naves, separated by sixteen Corinthian columns, while the same number support the roof.

Between the rows of pillars are some curious old mosaic portraits of Pontiffs who have been favorable to the improvement of the basilica, and between the windows portraits of those virgins who have shed their blood for the faith. There is a statue above the high altar representing Saint Agnes supporting a lamb upon her right arm, and in her left holding the palm of martyrdom. The body of this statue is of ancient oriental alabaster, while the head, hands, and feet, of bronze, have been more recently added. Under this altar repose the mortal remains of Saint Agnes and her foster sister, Saint Emerentiana.

Leo XI, Honorius I, and others, Popes and cardinals, have been rich benefactors to this church; one act was the inclosing of the largest nave with a vaulted arch of great beauty, which is adorned with mosaics of Saint Agnes and Pope Honorius I, who holds in his hand a model of the church.

The Baldachino, supported by four columns of red porphyry of great value, was the gift of Paul V, who also adorned the altar by an arabesque work of precious stones, and caused the bones of Saint Agnes and her foster sister to be inclosed in a silver urn of great value. He also gave a mitre, rich in diamonds and pearls, to this church.

The ceremony of replacing the bones once more beneath the altar, which took place in 1621, appears to have been a service conducted with great pomp and solemnity. The Pope attended in person, and this must have been one of the last acts in the life of Paul V, as we hear that on this occasion he contracted the illness of which he died eight days after.

On the 12th of April, 1855, the Holy Father, Pius IX, after a visit to the basilica, was giving a reception to the students of the Propaganda College, and others, who had been invited to meet him in the convent which joins the church, when suddenly the floor of the hall gave way with a terrific crash, and the whole assembly, consisting of about one hundred and twenty persons, including the Holy Father, were precipitated into the cellar below. Wonderful to say neither the Holy Father nor any of those assembled received either scratch or bruise. To testify his feeling of thankfulness his Holiness ordered the whole basilica to be restored at the expense of his own private purse.

A solemn service is held on the 12th of April every year. The anniversary of this occurrence coincides with that of the return of the Holy Father from Gaëta.

The late Cardinal Antonelli also caused the beautiful diadem of precious stones which encircles the head of the statue of Saint Agnes on the high altar to be gilded and repaired. In the second chapel on the right of the high altar there is a splendidly sculptured head of our Saviour, said to have been carved by Michael Angelo. In a chapel on the left side there is a very ancient statue of the Mother of God.

The 21st of January is the great festival of the year at Saint Agnes Outside the Walls, for on that day the Church keeps the anniversary of her martyrdom. The writer of this paper is able to give an exact account of the ceremony, having been favored with a ticket for the gallery.

He left Rome by the road leading through the new gateway, built after designs by Michael Angelo, in 1567, and which is one of the best, having been modernized and improved in late years. When free of action Pius IX would frequently alight from his carriage on this road and

pursue his way on foot to the basilica of St. Agnes.

Besides the Catholic worshippers on the feast day of Saint Agnes of which we speak, the church was filled to overflowing, chiefly by English and Americans, who came to this as they would to any other sight in Rome, consulting their guide-books and making their comments aloud, besides standing upon the chairs and making use of their opera glasses.

High mass begins with a hymn to Saint Agnes; a procession is then formed in the usual order entering from the sacristy. Two of the sacristans each carried in his arm a red velvet cushion fringed with gold, on which reposed a lamb, securely fastened by a ribbon. The lambs were carried along the gallery and then down below. They were taken straight up to the altar; then, the men kneeling down, the bishop took the lambs and placed them, one on the gospel the other on the epistle side of the altar. One of the lambs remained so quiet as to deserve the comparison with them so often made, but the other bleated loudly and defiantly, and made such frantic efforts to escape, that by the end of the mass he had nearly wriggled himself off his cushion. On the conclusion of the service the two lambs were put into a carriage and driven to the Vatican, where they were blessed by the Pope. They would then be transferred to some convent named by the Holy Father, where they will be kept and taken care of by the nuns till they are old enough to be shorn, when of their wool will be made the pallium.

The pallium is the little sort of scarf made of this wool and ornamented by six black crosses, which the Pope wears about his neck, and which he blesses and sends to archbishops on their institution, as emblems of meekness and purity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In Memoriam.

PII P. P. IX.

Quem Deus ad lucem et quietem Cœlestium per ducat.

IT is fitting that this magazine make tender and sorrowful note of the passing away of our late Supreme Pontiff, the venerable and saintly and greatly beloved Pius IX. In that wide-reaching solicitude which St. Paul makes characteristic of the Pastor of Souls, Pius IX gave a patron to the journalistic profession. He honored it and strove to lift it to the highest plane of honor and usefulness. His utterances upon the subject showed how clearly he perceived its capabilities for good or evil, and instead of passing it over, he met it with benediction, encouragement, and warning. It may be that his high culture had an artistic appreciation of journalism, as the medium in our day of precious literature and enduring thought. He transferred to the press the kindly patronage which his predecessors in the earlier ages showed to the manuscript. It is fitting therefore, we say, that the journalist bring his pen and brains to the record of that great and holy memory. A writer speaking of presents, says: "Let thy present be part of thyself. Let the miner give a gem, the painter his picture, the singer a song, the poet his poem." So let the writer bring his written word and thought.

Others have eloquently and exhaustively recorded his life. No Pontiff since the days of St. Peter is more clearly revealed to us than he; and this principally because of the press. Day by day, the faithful telegraph thrilled through the sea with news of his sayings and doings; bearing with glad pulse his many benedictions, and finally throbbing with the sad intelligence of his death. On the broad sheets of many a journal his great speeches, allocutions, and addresses, printed fair and clear, were

scattered over the world. The miracle of the press recalled the Pentecostal gift of tongues, for lo! now did all men, each in his own tongue, hear the words of Peter. The careful chronicler, who is the product of the modern press, watched his sayings, his life and conversation, and the peace and beauty of his character became known to the whole world. The vigilance of the press, both hostile and friendly, never slept. In spite of the efforts of his enemies to distort or suppress the truth, the might of journalism pierced through every flimsy lie or report, and the newspaper training which all readers of any acumen now receive enabled them to form the clearest and most comprehensive judgments upon the Holy Father and his cause.

Not but that the press was used as an engine against him. But as two great political parties react upon each other correctively, so the Catholic press, panoplied in truth and love, easily vanquished its opponent. In fact, reading over the notices of the Pope in our secular journals, we are struck with their average justice and high encomium. Of course there needs must be exceptions. There is the traditional hatred of the Pope which influences many minds, but, it is safe to say, that no true editor has such a mind. There is no more impartial body of men in the world than those who are trained upon a great journal or review. The very habit of thought clears their minds of cant. But it is the shame and confusion of the great editorial body that we cannot exclude narrow-minded and ignorant men from the guild. The sectarian press showed also marked liberality of sentiment upon the mournful occasion; and we need not eulogize the noble and eloquent tributes which appeared in the Catholic press. It may be said that the press of all denominations did its part cheerfully and ably in all that pertained toward placing upon its record and in its archives the life and memory of Pius IX.

Our new Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII, is described as a tall, majestic, and austere-looking man, with a noble forehead and a countenance expressive of great firmness and sagacity. The personal appearance of the new Pontiff has been apparently deemed so striking that it was telegraphed over the world. It is natural for us to wish to form some idea of the faces and general appearance of celebrated persons. We were looking over a portrait gallery of Popes recently, and we were struck with the strongly marked features of all of them. An acute historian says that a portrait of an historical personage enabled him to form a pretty clear idea of the manners and characters of the man. We believe that Lavater, the physiognomist, is no longer held in much esteem; but there is certainly some truth in the world-old proverb, "Vultus, speculum animæ."

The pictures of the first Popes are, very likely, imaginary. It is not probable that their effigies were preserved, and there was an ascetic feeling in the early Christian Church which was not favorable to art nor to the variety of portrait-painting. Not till the middle ages do we find exact pictures. From that period down, the Pontiff's "counterfeit presentment" became necessary for coinage as well as art and history. Many of the Popes wore beards. There is very little beauty amongst them, but high character and strongly marked lines. The family portraits of most royal houses are but a series of simpering nonentities. What commonplace and even vulgar-looking personages are Queen Victoria and the royal family of England!

Pope Leo is said to bear a striking resemblance to our own Cardinal McCloskey, but it must be in manner, for a close comparison of the two photographs reveals marked dissimilarities. At all events, he is a strikingly noble-looking man, worthy physically of being the High Priest, even according to the order of Aaron.

He was born, March 2d, 1810, at Carpineto, a town in the late Papal States, about forty miles from Rome, and he received at baptism the name of Joachim. His ancestral name is Pecci (pronounced Peckshe). He studied at the Roman College, and showed a legal turn of mind. He was the most eminent canonist in the sacred college, and an exceedingly good diplomatist, though his native integrity of character seems to have unfitted him for the highest success in that rather dubious science. Monsignor Seton, of New Jersey, who studied with him, says that he was a vegetarian and a great fruit-eater. He was an assiduous student, and very pious. At the early age of twenty-seven he was made one of the Domestic Prelates of Gregory XVI, an infallible judge of character.

About the years 1838–9, the Papal territories were infested with brigands. Byron howls dismally about the curse, and not a tourist of the time seems to have escaped the attention of the robbers. Irate Englishmen speedily accused the clergy as conniving with the thieves. There is no doubt that the local gentry were hand in glove with them. Those very high-toned counts and marquises with which Italy is so liberally supplied, took to the road themselves. Complaints were incessantly made to the Pope for the suppression of the nuisance. He sent Pecci to them, and in three months

he managed to alleviate if not extirpate the evil. He engaged the services of the King of Naples, and at his instance a few "noble counts" were locked up on bread and water. The brigands, deprived of their noble protectors, gradually disbanded, and the picturesque steeple-hat and red belt no longer lent its grace to Italian scenery in those parts.

In 1843, Mgr. Pecci, now Archbishop, was sent as Papal Nuncio to Leopold I, King of Belgium. The rights and liberties of the Church were threatened by the machinations of the Freemasons, with whom the King was in secret if not open sympathy. Leopold himself was an infidel. Belgium, in the main, is a Catholic country, but the restless revolutionaries in that day never ceased disquieting the conscience and inflaming the passions and prejudices of the people. Mgr. Pecci's mission was a complete success. Leopold thought so highly of him that he besought the Pope to bestow upon him the purple. This request was complied with in 1853, after he had been Archbishop of Perugia for seven years.

It is a blessed cause of rejoicing to Americans that we are not pestered with the horrible swarms of secret societies that have been the curse of Italy, even from the days of the Colonna and the Orsini. Cowardly and imbecile demagogues, they prefer the dark ways of trickery and treachery to gain political advantages which they are afraid to demand with the sword, or even at the ballot-box. Archbishop Pecci had this contemptible element to deal with all his life, and will have it up to the day of his death. His courage, firmness, and intrepid defence of the rights of the Church struck the Italian element, unused to such virtues, with admiration, and though, in 1859, the Italian government despoiled him of his seminaries, drove out the Jesuits, and confiscated monastic property, all classes regarded the Archbishop with boundless respect and applause. He wrote vigorous letters against Victor Emanuel's usurpations, and showed a conspicuously bold front before the high-handed measures of the usurping government.

There has been much written and said about the hostility of Cardinal Antonelli to Cardinal Pecci. "Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?" The sage correspondent knows intimately the proceedings of every consistory. The reliable contraband in our civil war is the counterpart of the reliable correspondent. The gossip of Roman society, particularly Anglo-American society in Rome, is about as trustworthy as gossip anywhere else. The jealousy of Antonelli did not prevent Pecci from attaining the highest positions in the church. Curious jealousy that!

The confidence felt in him by Pope Pius IX was manifested in his appointment as Camerlengo or Grand Chamberlain, who governs the Church during the interregnum. It is said that this position practically disqualifies for Papal honors, but the fact that he was so quickly and unanimously elected to the Sovereign Pontificate shows that no traditions or precedents hamper the action of a Conclave, bent as it always is, under the Divine guidance, upon electing the most fitting prelate to the highest of earthly honors.

It is a subject of devout thanksgiving that the Church was not left long without a head.

There are instances in Church history where the Papal throne was vacant for upwards of a year, not without considerable confusion and detriment to the conduct of ecclesiastical business. The Providence of God in our distracted times does not suffer his Church long to remain without the strong hand of Peter at the helm. Bright and auspicious may Leo's reign long continue, and we take happy augury from his name *Vincat Leo Judeæ!*

THE traveller upon railway cars in America is frequently annoyed with "popular literature." He may desire to gaze upon the scenery, he may have an interesting book, or he may wish to sleep, but the boy with the bundle of books and papers constantly hovers around, and at very short intervals deposits on his lap a crudely illustrated paper or a flame-backed book. In vain does our traveller protest, and to escape the annoyance he eventually invests a dime or a quarter in the dubious literature presented. And such reading matter! We confess that railroad travelling is unspeakably tiresome to ourselves; and in order to relieve its monotony we have devoured all the prize-packages of candy and all the illustrated papers we can lay hold upon. In this way we have mastered all the popular stories and all the cheap books which our teeming press annually and weekly send forth. We feel perfectly competent to write an approved Indian romance or a fashionable novel. The mysterious creatures who compose for the literary weekly press, and who, by the way, are far better paid than your learned historian or essayist, seem to be very slenderly provided with brains. In fact, any predominance of intellectual power is fatal. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., whose stories *in the New York Ledger* we, as a boy, so delighted in, that in order to get the paper we often made off with our mother's flat-irons, is better paid than Emerson; and the fortune of Mrs. Southworth, who thinks nothing of dashing off a novel in a week, is supposed to be fabulous. The romantic years of youth will seek for tales, and tales,

too, of spice and high color. The resources of Sunday-school libraries are soon exhausted; and the next stage reached is the circulating library. Why we read novels is easily explained. All of us have an ideal which we can never realize. The fairy world which the novelist introduces us to is the world we desire to live in. Just as in dreams we have no idea of space or time, so in the romance we lead a visionary life. We grow interested in impossible persons. We never perceive exaggerations. As the sick man postponed death until he could get the next number of Dickens's Pickwick, our purely romantic and visionary friends become more real to us than our actual ones. The merest balderdash passes with us for rhetoric. "To escape from our environment," as Gœthe says, "is the deepest feeling of the human heart." This thought is the worldly expression of the profound reflection of St. Augustine upon our restlessness, which shall never be soothed until we are in the peace of God. The novelist may take greater liberties than the poet, who is bound by the unities. Dickens fairly riots in characterization. Cooper's "red man" has modified all our ideas of the Indian. Charles Reade gives us pictures of femineity which, unhappily, are only pictures; and Thackeray introduces us to a cold cynicism, which, happily, does not exist, for to be a cynic one must feel ideal, and the vast majority of people have no ideas at all.

We know thoroughly what is coming in a story; we know the happiness which will descend upon all the parties in a novel; we regret the doom to which the dark-browed villain is invariably condemned; we start a chapter with the clearest knowledge of its ending, and yet we continue reading. In every Indian story the maiden drops a note which her lover finds in the grass; in nautical tales, the captain "shivers his timbers" and orders "the jib-boom to be luffed to landward, and the mainsails to be reefed;" in fashionable novels, the heroine is dressed in plain white with a simple ribbon in her hair, and talks very bad French; and in the philosophical and psychological novel, such as George Eliot writes, the heroine has a "dynamic quality," or a projection of the chin which is peculiar to Rubens, or eyes whose stellar power is slightly modified by an inward petulance, which is apparent also in the *nez retroussé*, an index of character about as safe to be followed as a physician's prescription in heart disease. He gives the patient *digitalis*, and learns from his survival that he has cardiac disease, and from his death that the disease was deeply seated.

THE Most Reverend James Gibbons, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, and Primate of the United States, was solemnly invested with the pallium on Sunday, February 10th. The ceremony took place at the cathedral, in Baltimore, and was witnessed by a throng limited only by the capacity of the building.

In consequence of the death and out of respect to the memory of our late Holy Father, Pius IX, the occasion was divested, as far as possible, of external display, but, notwithstanding this, it was of a highly impressive and imposing character. A solemn pontifical High Mass was celebrated prior to the ceremony of investiture, with the Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., of Charleston, celebrant, the music of the mass being rendered in Gregorian chant by nearly a hundred choristers. Bishop Lynch also preached on the occasion, and gave a very interesting and graphic sketch of the history of the see of Baltimore, from its foundation down to the present day, eulogizing in eloquent and feeling terms the various deceased prelates who preceded Archbishop Gibbons in this venerable see.

The ceremony was attended and participated in by a large number of Archbishop Gibbons's brethren in the episcopacy, including the hierarchy of the Province, and also about one hundred and fifty priests and seminarians.

THE public have no idea of the services rendered by a great review, or even a journal, in simply preventing the publication of essays, poems, and other literary afflictions. The writer of this remembers the rather ill-natured pleasure he felt, when, in editorial charge of a magazine, he consigned innumerable manuscripts to the waste-basket. The number of people who imagine that they can write is infinite. The French proverb runs, "Ce monde est plein des fous,"—This world is full of fools; but folly is never so apparent as it is in writing. Perfect grammar and orthography may coexist with perfect inanity. We have read manuscripts that could not be excepted to on the score of grammar, but whose perfect absence of thought was an insuperable objection to them. The reader of this can write, "Cæsar was a great man," but his mere ability so to do does not qualify him for the journalistic profession. If this fact were more generally perceived and acted upon, a great deal of mortification would be saved to would-be contributors, and no little trouble to editors.

ON the 4th of March the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmett

was celebrated in a befitting manner by Irishmen and all lovers of liberty everywhere.

This distinguished and gifted patriot and martyr to Irish liberty left behind him a name that never will be forgotten by Irishmen, and the lustre of whose pure life and noble character will only grow brighter in the lapse of ages.

In concluding his memorable speech before sentence of death was pronounced upon him, Robert Emmett requested that no one write his epitaph until Ireland should be free. This request has been observed. The epitaph, alas! is unwritten. When it shall be written, whether in our own day or in the distant future, it matters not, as far as he is concerned, for the memory of his unsullied life, and noble deeds, and most cruel martyrdom, is graven deep in the hearts of all true lovers of freedom, and will endure long after the epitaph itself shall have become obliterated from the crumbling granite on which it will be inscribed.

THE will of our late Holy Father, Pius IX, upon being opened was found to contain, amongst others, the following instructions, written with his own hand: "My body shall be buried in the church of St. Lawrence Without the Walls, under the little arch which surmounts the gridiron that is the stone on which are still visible the stains made by the martyrdom of the illustrious Levite. The expenses of the monument shall not exceed four hundred crowns."

The inscription for the monument is also given, written in his Holiness's own writing, and is as follows:

"Ossafet Cineres Pii P. IX: um. Pont. Vixit An.—in Pontificatv An.—Orate Pro Eo."

"The bones and dust of Pope Pius IX, Supreme Pontiff. He lived — years; in the Pontificate — years. Pray for him."

The private fortune of His Holiness, obtained by inheritance, is bequeathed to relatives by blood. Three hundred thousand francs are given to the poor, and a number of gifts are given to personal friends, including the Comte de Chambord and Queen Isabella.

AT the second plenary council of Baltimore the prelates then and there assembled, in a pastoral which they addressed to the clergy and laity in the United States, said:

"We cheerfully acknowledge the services the Catholic press has rendered to religion, as also the disinterestedness with which, in most instances, it has been conducted, although yielding to publishers and editors a very insufficient return for their labor. We exhort the Catholic community to extend their publications a more liberal support, in order that they may become more worthy to the great cause they advocate. We remind them that the power of the press is one of the most striking features of modern society, and that it is our duty to avail ourselves of this mode of making known the truths of our religion, and removing the misapprehensions which so generally prevail in regard to them. If many of these papers are not all that we would wish them to be, it will be frequently found that the real cause of their shortcomings is the insufficient support they receive from the Catholic public."

This declaration and exhortation of our chief pastors, whom God has placed over his Church in this country, it is especially important should be borne in mind by those who are concerned for the increase and spread of true religion in the United States. The power of the press is incalculable, and by generously supporting Catholic literature that power may be made available in the defence and diffusion of Catholicity.

IN 1814 Rev. E. D. Fenwick, O. P., a cousin of the late Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, first penetrated the woods of Ohio. The first church was erected in the State in 1818, in Perry County, under the patronage of St. Joseph. Father Fenwick found seven Catholic families in Cincinnati. In 1822 he was consecrated bishop of the diocese of Cincinnati. The territory of the new diocese, taken from that of Bardstown, Ky., comprised Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. In 1826 the Cathedral of Cincinnati was dedicated. In 1832 Bishop Fenwick died and was succeeded by Right Rev. J. Purcell, D.D., now the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati.

A RECENT cable dispatch from Rome announces that our new Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, was crowned on the 3d inst. The ceremony, though private in character, was performed in the Sistine chapel, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished assemblage. The usual public blessing was omitted.

ACCORDING to information officially furnished to the Archbishop of Avignon, the remains of one of his priests, Rev. Father Giles, who suffered martyrdom in China in April, 1869, have been discovered intact and without the least sign of corruption.

SCARCELY a week elapses that we do not see in our exchanges accounts of persons of distinction in England becoming Catholics. There is now scarcely a family of importance in England that has not furnished from its members converts to the true faith, and the movement seems to be on the increase. It must be said, too, that of these English converts, that generally they are remarkable for earnestness and zeal. Many of them have entered the priesthood, or are preparing for it. Among these latter is a nephew of the ex-premier of England, W. E. Gladstone. Those of the converts who continue in secular life devote their talents and, to a great extent, their time, wealth, and influence to the support and propagation of the religion they have embraced.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALL SAINTS' DAY AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. Charles Kingsley. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Kingsley was a ranter. He rants in his novels, his pamphlets, and above all in his sermons. That such a man could have had a great deal of influence in his time, especially in a common-sense country like England, must be attributed to his constant and nauseating flattery of the "British workingman." He wrote books about their "wrongs," and as he went through life glorifying everything and everybody, it would be at least poetical justice to see him now in glory. He came to this country and praised us to the skies, and invited every eminent American to a grave in Westminster Abbey. Such a fool of course hated the Catholic Church with an intensity of which he feebly struggled to give adequate expression. We frankly admit that we read only one sermon (that only on All Saints' Day), and such a view of the saints! Well, we hope poor Kingsley's idea of the saints has by this time undergone considerable modifications.

MARY, THE MODEL AND MOTHER OF CHRISTIANS; OR, A SERIES OF MEDITATIONS UPON THE GREATNESS, VIRTUES, AND GLORIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By Rev. F. Gabrim, S. J. Translated by a Catholic Priest. New York: P. O'Shea. 1878.

This is an admirable manual of devotion to our Blessed Lady, marked by exact theological expression and deep devotion. Protestants who object to what they call the "extravagance of Roman Mariolatry," should peruse this book, which clearly and succinctly sets forth Mary's claims to honor and dignity. Mary was no mere instrument, no merely accidental personage, but the willing handmaid of the Most High, blessed among women and pre-elected from all eternity to be the spotless mother of the Incarnate Word. This privilege is so splendid and glorious, that language exhausts itself in the vain attempt to describe it fully. The inspired writers of the Sacred Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church could find no terms sufficiently strong to express the lofty dignity to which this privilege exalted her. St. Augustine says that when God created the heavens "he fashioned them with his fingers" (Prov. viii, 4,) but that when "he afterwards formed Mary, he brought into requisition *the might of his arm*" (St. Luke i, 51). St. Gregory likens Mary to a lofty mountain rising high above all other mountains. St. John represents Mary as illumined with a crown of stars, the moon as her footstool, clothed with the sun in order to discriminate between her and the other saints who also dwell in an atmosphere of light.

Habitual meditation on the privileges and virtues of one so highly distinguished by Divine favor is one of the surest and most effective means of guarding against temptation and advancing in the spiritual life.

The work before us is a valuable aid to those who desire thus to advance.

There are a few verbal and grammatical inaccuracies, resulting from too close a following of the Italian.

A MANUAL OF THE ANATOMY OF INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Whatever we think of Huxley's theology, we have to admit that his abilities as a scientific lecturer are of no mean order. The trouble with Huxley is that he will not keep to anatomy, but must push himself forward as a theologue. He has made himself a standing joke in the profession by his "Lay Sermons" and his attacks on Moses. This book contains the results of twenty-two years' study and investigation of the *Invertebrata*. It is gratifying to notice that he finds no "intrinsic force" in Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of the species (p. 42). Perhaps, after all, we may have Adam and Eve spared to us. We take the *Popular Science Monthly* for our statement that Mr. Huxley is, barring his theological whims, a very fair and accurate professor.